







THE  
PROPHETESS:  
OR, THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
DIOCLESIAN.

---

Written by *Francis Beaumont* and *John Fletcher*.

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WITH  
ALTERATIONS and ADDITIONS,  
After the Manner of an  
OPERA.

---

Represented at the  
Queen's Theatre,  
By Their MAJESTIES Servants.

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L O N D O N,  
Printed for *Jacob Tonson* at the *Judges Head* in *Chancery*  
lane near *Fleet-street*. 1690.

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1894

CHRONOLOGICAL

# The PERSONS in the PLAY.

<i>Charinus,</i>	Emperor of Rome.
<i>Diocles,</i> after } <i>Dioclesian.</i> }	First a Private Soldier, then elected Emperor.
<i>Maximinian,</i>	Nephew to <i>Diocles</i> , and Emperor by his Donation.
<i>Cosroe,</i>	King of <i>Persia</i> .
<i>Aper,</i>	Murtherer of <i>Numerianus</i> , the late Emperor.
<i>Niger,</i>	An Honest Man, and Great Commander.
<i>Camurius,</i>	A Captain, and Creature of <i>Aper's</i> .
	Senators.
	<i>Persian</i> Lords.
	<i>Persian</i> Ambassadors.
<i>Geta,</i>	Servant to <i>Diocles</i> .
	Guard.
	Soldiers.
	Suitors.
	<i>Lictors</i> .
	<i>Flamen</i> .
	Country-men.

## The WOMEN.

<i>Aurelia,</i>	Sister to <i>Charinus</i> .
<i>Cassana,</i>	Sister to <i>Cosroe</i> .
<i>Delphia,</i>	A Prophetess.
<i>Drusilla,</i>	Niece to <i>Delphia</i> .

## The MASQUE.

*Cupid, Sylvanus, Bacchus, Flora, Pomona, Gods of the Rivers, Fauns, Nymphs, Hero's, Heroines, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, the Graces and Pleasures, with all the Followers of the Gods and Goddesses.*



...и-ни сина. Числ

1914-1915

Respectfully,  
Superior

...the ...

THE HOUSE AND GARDEN

1872

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1875

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Letter to Caroline.

Propriety.

Notice to Delpia.

2002 AM 96

Hans Herxler, Shepherds

and pleasures, with all the Followers of the

1. -

T H E  
P R O P H E T E S S .

A C T I . S C E N E I .

Scene A Pallace.

---

*Enter Delphia and Drusilla.*

*Drus.* **T**HIS true, that *Diocles* is courteous,  
And of a pleasant nature, sweet, and temperate;  
His Cousin *Maximinian*, proud, and bloody.

*Delp.* Yes, and mistrustful too, my Girl, take heed:  
Although he seem to love thee, and affect,  
Like the more Courtier, curious complement;  
Yet have a care.

*Drus.* You know all my Affections,  
And all my Heart desires, are set on *Diocles*.  
But Aunt, how coldly he requites this courtesie!  
How dull, and heavily he looks upon me!  
Although I wooe him sometimes beyond modesty,  
Beyond a Virgins care; how still he flights me,  
And puts me still off with your Prophecie,  
And the performance of your late Prediction,  
That when he's Emperour, then he'll Marry me;  
Alas, what hope of that?

*Delp.* Peace, and be patient;  
For tho' he has now no Badge of Honour on him,  
No Eye of Favour shining:  
And tho' my sure Prediction of his rising  
(Which can no more fail, than the Day, or Night does;  
Nay, let him be asleep, will overtake him,)  
Has found some rubs, and stops; yet hear me Neece,  
And hear me with a faith, it shall come to him.



I'll tell thee the occasion.

*Druf.* Do good Aunt,  
For yet I am ignorant.

*Delp.* Chiding him one Day,  
For being too near, and sparing for a Soldier,  
Too griping, and too greedy : he made answer,  
When I am *Cæsar*, then I will be liberal.  
I, presently inspir'd with Holy Fire,  
And my Prophetick Spirit burning in me,  
Gave answer from the Gods; and this it was :  
*Imperator eris Romæ, cum Aprum grandem interfeceris.*  
Thou shalt be Emperor, O *Diocles*;  
When thou hast kill'd a mighty Boar. From that time  
(As giving credit to my words) he has employ'd  
Much of his life in Hunting : many Boars,  
Hideous, and fierce, with his own Hands he has kill'd ;  
But yet not lighted on the fatal one,  
Should raise him to the Empire. Be not sad Neece,  
'Ere long he shall. Come, let us entertain him ;  
For by this time, I guess, he comes from Hunting :  
And by my Art I find this very instant,  
Some great Design's on foot.

*Druf.* Heaven prosper it. But see  
The Emperor and his Sister coming hither.

*Delp.* And *Niger* busie in discourse with 'em.  
Now Fate is working for us. Let's away.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Charinus, Aurelia, Niger.*

*Cha.* You buz into my Head strange likelihoods,  
And fill me full of doubts; but what proofs *Niger*,  
What certainties, that my most Noble Brother  
Came to his end by murther; tell me that;  
Assure me by some Circumstance.

*Nig.* I will, Sir.

And as I tell you truth, so the Gods prosper me :  
I have often nam'd this *Aper*.

*Cha.* True, you have;  
And in mysterious Sences I have heard you  
Often break out abruptly.

*Nig.* Most



*Nig.* Most true, Sir.  
Fear of your unbelief, and the Times giddiness,  
Made me I durst not then go farther. If now you please,  
Out of your wonted Goodness, to give credit,  
I shall unfold the Wonder.

*Aur.* Do it boldly:  
You shall have both our hearty Loves, and Hearings.

*Nig.* This *Aper* then, this too much honour'd Villain,  
(For he deserves no mention of a good man)  
Great Sir, give Ear; this most ungrateful, spiteful,  
Above the memory of Mankind, mischievous;  
With his own bloody Hands.

*Char.* Take heed.

*Nig.* I am in, Sir;  
And if I make not good my Story.

*Aur.* Forward;  
I see a Truth would break out, be not fearful.

*Nig.* I say, this *Aper*, and his damn'd Ambition,  
Cut off your Brother's Hopes, his Life, and Fortunes:  
The honour'd *Numerianus* fell by him;  
Fell basely, most untimely, and most treacherously:  
For in his Litter, as he bore him company,  
Most privately and cunningly he kill'd him.  
Yet still he fills the faithful Soldiers Ears  
With Stories of his Weakness, and loose Life;  
That he dare not venture in the open Air,  
And shew his Warlike Face among the Soldiers;  
The tenderness and weakness of his Eyes,  
Being not able to endure the Sun yet.  
Slave that he is, he gives out his Infirmary  
(Because he would dispatch his Honour too)  
To arise from Wantonness, and Love of Women.  
And thus he juggles still.

*Aur.* Oh most pernicious,  
Most bloody, and most base! Alas, dear Brother,  
Art thou accus'd, and after Death, thy Memory-  
Loaden with Shames and Lies? Those pious Tears  
Thou daily shower'd'st upon my Father's Monument,  
(When in the *Persian* Expedition  
He fell, most strangely, by a stroke of Thunder)

Made thy Disgrace and Sins? Those Eyes wept out  
 The fair Examples of a Noble Nature,  
 Those Holy Drops of Love, turn'd by Depravers  
 (Malicious poison'd Tongues) to thy Abuses?  
 We must not suffer this.

*Char.* Now I see the Cause  
 Why this inhuman, bloody Villain *Aper*  
 Will not come near me.

*Nig.* No, he dare not, Sir;  
 He has an Inmate here, that's call'd a Conscience,  
 Bids him keep off.

*Char.* My Brother honour'd him;  
 First, made him Captain of his Guard, next, his Friend;  
 Then to my Mother (to assure him nearer)  
 He made him Husband.

*Nig.* And withal, Ambitious;  
 For then he trod so high, his false Feet itch'd, Sir,  
 To step into the Throne.

*Aur.* If you believe, Brother,  
*Aper* a bloody Monster (as 'tis plain)  
 Let's leave disputing, and do something Noble.

*Char.* Be rul'd, good Sister; I am as yet too weak  
 To meet him in the Field; he has under him  
 The Flow'r of all the Empire, and the Strength,  
 The *Britain* and the *German* Cohorts, pray be patient.  
*Niger*, how stands the Soldier to him?

*Nig.* In Fear (Sir) more  
 Than Love or Honour; he has lost their Affections,  
 By his most covetous and greedy Gripping.  
 Are you desirous to do something on him,  
 That all the World may know you lov'd your Brother?  
 And do it safely too, without an Army?

*Char.* Most willingly.

*Nig.* Then send out a Proscription,  
 Send suddenly; and to that man that executes it,  
 (I mean, that brings his Head) a large Reward,  
 No common Sum: then doubt not, you shall see,  
 Even from his own Camp, from those men who follow him,  
 Follow, and flatter him, we shall find one;  
 Or, if he miss, a hundred who will venture it.

*Aur.* For



*Aur.* For his Reward, it shall be so, dear Brother;  
So far I'll honour him, who kills the Villain;  
For so far runs my Love to my dear Brother,  
Let him be what he will, Mean, Old, or Crooked,  
He shall have Me; nay, which is more, I'll love him:  
I will not be deny'd.

*Cha.* You shall not, Sister:  
But you shall find my Love shall go along with it.  
See a Proscription drawn, and for his Recompence  
My Sister, and Half-Partner in the Empire:  
And I will keep my Word.

*Aur.* Now you do bravely.

*Nig.* And tho' it cost my Life, I'll see it publish'd.

*Cha.* Away, and do it instantly.

*Nig.* I am gone, Sir.

It shall be soon dispatch'd.

*Cha.* Be prosperous.

*Aur.* And let the Villain fall.

*Nig.* Fear nothing, Madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene a Country-house at the Side of a Wood, with the Prospect of a pleasant Country at a distance.*

*Enter Diocles, Maximinian, and Geta with a Boar on his Back.*

*Dio.* Lay down the Boar.

*Get.* Withal my heart, I am weary on't;  
I shall turn Jew, if I carry more such Burthens.

Do you think, Master, to be Emperor,  
With killing Swine? You may be a good Butcher,  
Or allied to an honourable Family of Tripe-wives:  
Can you be such an Ass, my Reverend Master,  
To think these Springs of Pork will shoot up *Cæsars*?

*Max.* The Fool says true.

*Dio.* Come, leave your fooling, Sirrah,  
And think of what thou shalt be when I am Emperor.

*Get.* Would it would come with thinking, then, o' my con-  
I should be at the least a Senator. (science

*Max.* A Sowter,  
For that's a Place more fitted to thy Nature.

If thou hast such an Expectation,  
Or say the Devil could perform this Wonder,  
Can such a Rascal as thou art hope for Honor?  
Such a Log-carrying Clown?

*Get.* Yes; and bear it too,  
And bear it swimmingly. I'm not the first Ass, Sir,  
Has born Office, and perform'd it reverently.

*Dio.* Thou being the Son of a Tyler,  
Canst thou hope to be a Senator?

*Get.* Thou being the Son of a Tanner,  
Canst thou hope to be an Emperor?

*Dio.* Thou saist true, *Geta*, there's a Stop indeed:  
But yet the Bold and Vertuous——

*Get.* You say right, Master,  
Right as my Leg; for we, the Vertuous,  
Tho' we be Kennel-rakers, Filth, and Scoundrels,  
We, the Discreet, and Bold—— Yet, now I remember it,  
Tyler's have better Title to be Senators,  
And ought to step before you thick-skin'd Tanners;  
For we are higher born than you, no base ones,  
None of your Groundlings, Master.

*Dio.* I like thee well;  
Thou hast as good a mind as I have, to this Honor.

*Get.* As good a mind (Sir) for a simple Plaisterer;  
And when I come to execute my Office,  
Then you shall see.

*Max.* What?

*Get.* An Officer in Fury;  
An Officer as he ought to be. Do you laugh at it?  
Is a Senator in hope worth no more Reverence?  
By these Hands, I'll clap you by the Heels  
The first Hour I come into my Office.

*Max.* O, my Conscience, the Fellow believes it.

*Dio.* I, do, do, *Geta*:  
For if I once be Emperor——

*Get.* Then will I  
(For Wise men must be had to prop the State)  
Not bate a single Ace of a sound Senator.

*Dio.* But what shall we do the whil'st?

*Get.* Kill Swine, and sowse 'em,



And eat 'em when you have Bread ?

*Max.* Why didst thou run away  
When the Boar made toward thee? Art thou not Valiant ?

*Get.* No indeed am I not,  
And think it no Dishonour to confess it.  
I took a Tree, 'tis true, gave way to the Monster :  
Heark what Discretion says, *Let Fury pass ;*  
*From the Tooth of a mad Beast, and the Tongue of a Slanderer,*  
*Preserve thine Honour.*

*Dio.* He talks already like a Senator.  
Go, take it up, and carry it in; 'tis a huge one ;  
We never kill'd a larger Swine ; so fierce too,  
I never met with yet.

*Max.* Take heed, it stirs again. [*Geta runs up a Tree.*  
How nimbly the Rogue runs up ? He climbs like a Squirrel.

*Dio.* Come down, ye Dunce? is it not dead ?

*Get.* I know not.

*Dio.* His Throat's cut, and his Bowels out.

*Get.* That's all one,  
I am sure his Teeth are in.

*Dio.* Come, take him up, I say, and see him drest ;  
He's fat, and will be lusty Meat ; away with him,  
And get some of him ready for our Dinner.

*Get.* Shall he be roasted whole?  
I'll run in the Wheel my self.

*Max.* Sirrah, leave prating,  
And get some Piece of him ready presently ;  
We are weary both and hungry.

*Get.* Well, I'll about it.  
What an Inundation of Brewis shall I swim in? [*Exit. Geta.*

*Dio.* Thou art still dull and melancholy, Cousin;  
Distrustful of my Hopes.

*Max.* Why, can you blame me?  
I can't believe a Jugler.

*Dio.* Thou know'st she is a Prophetess.

*Max.* A small one,  
And as small Profit to be hop'd for by her.

*Dio.* Thou art the strangest man ! How does thy Hurt?  
The Boar came very near you.

*Max.* A Scratch, a Scratch.

*Dio.* It

*Dio.* It akes, and troubles thee ; that makes thee angry.

*Max.* Not at the Pain, but at the Practice, Uncle ;  
The butcherly, base Custom of our Lives now.

Had a brave Enemies Sword drawn so much from me,  
Or Danger met me in the Head of the Army,  
To have blusht thus i' my Blood, had been my Honour :  
But to live base, like Swine-herds, and believe too ;  
To be fool'd out with Tales, and Old Wives Dreams,  
Dreams when they're drunk, or splenatick.

*Dio.* Certain, you much mistake her.

*Max.* Mistake her ? Hang her. To be made her Purvey'rs,  
To feed her old Chaps, to provide her daily,  
To bring her Feasts, while she sits grunting at us,  
And blowing out her Prophecies at both Ends.

*Dio.* She's a holy *Druid*.

*Max.* Heaven knows, I don't believe it.

*Dio.* Thou hast a perfect Malice.

*Max.* So I would have,

Against these purblind Prophets ; for, look you, Sir,  
Old Women will lie monstrously, so will the Devil ;  
They would at least seem Holy, so would he.  
He gives 'em leave now and then to use their Cunning's,  
Which is, to kill a Cow, or blast a Harvest,  
Make young Pigs pipe themselves to Death, choak Poultry,  
And chafe a Dairy-maid into a Fever,  
With pumping for her Butter.

But when he makes these Agents to raise Emperors,  
When he disposes Fortune as his Servant,  
And ties her to Old Wives Tails —

*Dio.* You argue learnedly :  
Did you not hear the Prophecy ?

*Max.* Yes, and laugh at it ;  
And so will any man can tell but Twenty,  
That is not blind, as you are, blind and ignorant.  
Do you think she knows your Fortune ?

*Dio.* I do think it.

*Max.* Very well, Sir :  
You then believe (for methinks 'tis most necessary)  
She knows her own Fate.

*Dio.* I believe it certain.

*Max.* Dear



*Max.* Dare you but be so wise to let me try it ?  
For I am doubtful.

*Dio.* How ?

*Max.* Come nearer to me,  
Because her cunning Devil shan't prevent me :  
Close, close, and hear. If she can turn this Destiny,  
I'll be of your Faith too.

*Dio.* Do it; I fear not :  
For if she knows not this, sure she knows nothing ;  
I am so confident.

*Max.* Faith, so am I,  
That I shall make her old fides hum.

*Enter Delphia.*

*Dio.* She comes: Go take your Stand.

*Max.* Now shew your Holiness, or you howl for't, Beldame.

*Del.* Now my Son *Diocles*,  
Are you not weary of your Game to day?  
And are you well ?

*Dio.* Yes, Mother, well and lusty :  
Only you make me hunt for empty Shadows.

*Del.* You must have patience ; *Rome was not built in one day.*  
*And he that hopes, must give his Hopes their Currents.*  
You have kill'd a mighty Boar.

*Dio.* But I am no Emperor.  
Why do you fool me thus, and make me follow  
Your flattering Expectation Hour by Hour ?  
Rise early, and sleep late, to feed your Appetites ?  
Forget my Trade, my Arms? for sake my Honour ?  
Oppose my self to Hazards of all sorts,  
Only to win the barbarous Name of Butcher.

*Del.* Son, you are wise.

*Dio.* But you are Cunning, Mother ;  
And with that Cunning, and the Faith I give you,  
You lead me blindly, to no End, no Honour.

*Del.* Be provident.  
And tempt not the Gods Dooms, stop not the Glory  
They are ready to fix on ye : You are a Fool then.  
Chearful and grateful Takers, the Gods love,

And such as wait their Pleasures with full Hopes:  
 The Doubtful and Distrustful, Heaven frowns at.  
 What I have told by Inspiration,  
 I tell you once again, must and shall find you.

*Dio.* But when? or how?

*Del.* *Cum Aprum interfeceris.*

*Dio.* I have kill'd many.

*Del.* Not the Boar they point at:

Nor must I reveal further, till you clear it.

The lots of Glorious Men are wrapt in Mysteries,  
 And so deliver'd: Common and slight Creatures,  
 That have their Ends as open as their Actions,  
 Easie and open Fortunes follow.

*Max.* I shall try

How deep your Inspiration lies hid in you,  
 And whether your brave Spirit have a Buckler  
 To keep this Boar-spear off; I'll make ye smoke else.

*Dio.* Knowing my Fortune so precisely, Mother,  
 Methinks you should be studied in your own,  
 In your own Destiny, methinks, most perfect.

Can the Stars now,

Or secret Inspirations you boast of,

If a hard Fortune hung, and were now ready

To pour it self upon your life, deliver ye?

Can they now say, Take heed?

*Del.* Ha! Pray come hither.

*Max.* I would know that; I fear your Devil will cozen you,  
 And stand as close as you can, I shall be with ye.

*Del.* I find a present ill.

*Dio.* How?

*Del.* But I scorn it.

*Max.* Do you so? Do you so?

*Del.* Yes, and laugh at it, *Diocles.*

Is it not strange, these wild and foolish men  
 Should dare to oppose the Pow'r of Destiny?

That Power the Gods shake at? Look yonder, Son.

*Max.* Have you spied me? Then have at ye.

*Del.* Do, fling boldly;  
 Spare not, and hit me if thou canst.

*Dio.* Fling, Cousin.



# *The Prophetess.*

11

*Max.* I cannot : my Arm's dead, I have no feeling.  
Or if I could fling, so strong is her arm'd Virtue,  
She'd catch the flying Dart.

*Del.* Poor, doubtful People,  
I pity your weak Faiths.

*Dio.* Oh mercy, Mother !  
And from this Hour I'll serve you as a Deity.

*Del.* No more of that.

*Max.* O let my Prayers prevail too !  
Here, like a Tree I dwell else ; free me Mother,  
And greater than great Fortune I'll Adore ye.

*Del.* Be free again, and have more pure Thoughts in ye.

*Dio.* Now I believe your Words most constantly ;  
And when I have that Power you promis'd me——

*Del.* Remember then your Vow ; my Niece, *Drusilla*.  
I mean to marry her, and then you prosper.

*Dio.* I shall forget my life else.

*Enter Niger, Geta, and Soldiers.*

*Get.* And shall he have, as you say, that kills *Aper* ?

*Del.* Now mark, and understand.

*Nig.* The Proscription's up, i' th' Market-place, 'tis up,  
There you may read it. He shall have half the Empire.

*Get.* A pretty Farm i' faith.

*Nig.* And th' Emperors Sister, the fair *Aurelia* for his Wife.

*Get.* You say well Friend : But hark ye,  
Who shall do this ?

*Nig.* You, if you dare ?

*Get.* I think so.

Yet I could poyson him in a Cup of Wine,  
He loves that mightily. But when I have done this,  
May I lye with the Gentlewoman ?

*Nig.* Lye with her ? I, what else Man ?

*Get.* Yes, indeed,

I have known a married man that ne'er lay with his Wife ;  
Those dancing Days were done.

*Nig.* These are old Soldiers,  
I'll try their Appetites. Save you, brave Soldiers.

*Max.* You talkt (Sir) of Proscriptions.

*Nig.* 'Tis true, there's one set up from the Emperor,  
Against *Volutius Aper*?

*Dio.* *Aper*?

*Del.* Now; now have you found the Boar?

*Dio.* I have the meaning now, most blessed Mother——

*Nig.* He has scorn'd his Master;  
And bloodily cut off by treachery,  
His Noble Brother.

*Dio.* He is living,  
But weak, and sickly, Sir.

*Nig.* Did you see him?

*Max.* No.

*Nig.* He is murther'd;  
So you shall find it mention'd from the Emperor.  
And honest faithful Soldiers, pray believe it,  
For by the Gods you'll find it so; he's murther'd,  
The manner how, read in the large Proscription.

*Del.* It is most true Son. *Aper's* a Villain, and a Murderer.

*Dio.* I thank you Mother,  
And dare believe. Hark you Sir, is the recompence  
As you related?

*Nig.* As firm as Faith, Sir.  
Bring him alive, or dead.

*Max.* You have taken a fit time.  
The General being out of Town: for tho' we love him not,  
Yet had he known this first, you had paid for't dearly.

*Dio.* 'Tis *Niger*; honest *Niger*: now I know him.  
A true sound man, the business may be done.  
Make no great stay, for your own safety, here.

*Nig.* I am gone; I thank you.

[Exit *Nig.*

*Dio.* Pray, *Maximinian*, pray.

*Max.* I'll Pray, and Work too.

*Dio.* I'll to the Market-place, and read the Offer,  
Now I have found the Boar.

*Del.* Find your own Faith: remember what you Vow'd.

*Dio.* Oh, Mother.

*Del.* Prosper.

(perors.

*Get.* If my Master, and I do this, there must be Two Em-  
What Honour to this Empire will it be,  
To have Two such Emperors, as I, and He?

[Exeunt.  
ACT.

*End of the First Act.*



ACT II. SCENE I.

The Scene continues.

*Enter Delphia, and Drusilla.*

*Dru.* **L**eave us ; and not vouchsafe a parting Kiss  
To her, that in his hopes of Greatness lives,  
And goes along with him in all his Dangers ?

*Del.* I grant 'twas most unkind.

*Drus.* Oh you give it too mild a Name ;  
'Twas more than barbarous ! and you join'd in it.

*Del.* I, my *Drusilla* ?

*Drus.* Yes, you have blown his Pride to such a vastness,  
He thinks the Empire of the Earth too little.  
This makes him quite forget his humble being ;  
And can I hope that he, who only fed  
With the imagin'd Food of future Empire,  
Disdaining those who gave him means, and life,  
To nourish such Desires ; when he's possess'd  
Of his ambitious Ends (which must fall on him,  
Or your Predictions false) will ever  
Descend to look on me ?

*Del.* Were his intents  
Perfidious as the Seas, or Winds, his Heart  
Compos'd of Falshood ; yet the benefit,  
The greatness of the Good he has from you,  
(For what I have conferr'd, is thine *Drusilla*)  
Must make him firm, and thankful. But if all  
Remembrance of the Debts he stands engag'd for,  
Find a quick Grave in his Ingratitude :  
My powerful Art, that guides him to this height,  
Shall make him curse the Hour he 'ere was rais'd,  
Or sink him to the Center.

*Drus.* I had rather  
Your Art could force him to return that Ardour,  
To me, I bear to him ; or give me Power  
To moderate my Passions. Yet I know not,

I should

I should repent your Grant, tho' you had sign'd it,  
 (So well I think him worthy of my love)  
 But to believe that any check to him,  
 In his vast Hopes, could yield content to me,  
 Were Treason to my love, that knows no pleasure,  
 The Object which it dotes on, being miserable

*Del.* Pretty simplicity, I love thee for't,  
 And will not sit an idle looker on,  
 And see it wrong'd. Dry thy innocent Eyes,  
 And cast off jealous Fears : (Yet Promises  
 Are slender Comfort,) and but fancy ought  
 That's possible in Nature, or in Art,  
 That may advance thy Comfort, and be bold  
 To tell thy Soul 'tis thine : therefore speak freely.

*Drus.* You give me a new Life. To conceal from you  
 My Virgin Fondness, were to hide my sickness  
 From my Physician. O dear Aunt, I languish  
 For want of *Diocles* sight; he is the Sun  
 That keeps my Blood in a perpetual Spring;  
 But in his absence, cold benumbing Winter  
 Seizes on all my Faculties. Would you bind me,  
 (Who am your Slave already) in more Fetters?  
 Oh bear me then (but 'tis impossible  
 I fear to be effected) where I may  
 See how my *Diocles* breaks thro' his Dangers,  
 And in what heaps his Honours fly upon him;  
 That I may meet him in the Height, and Pride  
 Of all his Glories; and there  
 Challenge him as my own.

*Del.* Enjoy thy Wishes.  
 This is an easie Boon, which at thy Years  
 I could have given to any.  
 It shall be done, as fits my Skill and Glory.  
 From *Ceres*, I will force her winged Dragons,  
 And in the Air, hung over the Tribunal;  
 (The Musick of the Spheres attending on us)  
 There, as his good Star thou shalt shine upon him,  
 If he prove true; and as his Angel, guard him:  
 But if he dare be false, I in a moment  
 Will put that glorious light out, with such horror,



As if Eternal Night had seiz'd the Sun,  
And all things were return'd to the first Chaos,  
Or raise some Monster to devour him quick.

*Drw.* I fear th' Event ; but I will do  
Whatever you command.

*Del.* Rest then assur'd,  
I am the Mistress of my Art, and fear not.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene a Forest.

*Enter Aper, Camurius, and Guard, with a Close Litter, richly  
adorn'd with Figures of Gold, Trophies, and Plumes of White  
Feathers.*

*Aper.* Your Care of your sick Emperor, Fellow-Soldiers,  
In Colours to the life, does shew your love,  
And zealous Duty : O continue it.  
And tho' I know you long to see and hear him,  
Impute it not to Pride, or Melancholy,  
That keeps you from your Wishes ; such State-Vices  
(Too too familiar with great Princes) are  
Strangers to all the Actions of the life  
Of good *Numerianus*. Let your Patience  
Be the Physician to his wounded Eyes,  
(Wounded with pious Sorrow for his Father )  
Which Time and your long Patience will recover,  
Provided it prove constant.

1 *Gua.* If he counterfeit,  
I will hereafter trust a prodigal Heir,  
When he weeps at his Father's Funeral.

2 *Gua.* Or a Young Widow, following a Bed-rid Husband  
(After a Three-Years Sickness) to the Fire.

1 *Gua.* Note his Humility, with what soft Murmurs  
He does inquire his Pleasures.

2 *Gua.* And how soon he is instructed.

1 *Gua.* See how low he bows.

*Aper.* All your Commands (*Dread Caesar*) I'll impart  
To your most ready Soldier, to obey 'em ;  
So take your Rest in Peace. It is the Pleasure  
Of mighty *Caesar*; (his Thanks still remembred

For your long Patience, with a Donative  
 Fitting his State to give, shall quickly follow)  
 That you continue a strict Guard upon  
 His Sacred Person, and admit no Stranger,  
 Of any other Legion to come near him;  
 For none but You he'll trust. I receive  
 Your Answer in your Silence. Now, *Camurius*,  
 Speak without Flattery; has not *Aper* acted  
 This Passion to the life?

*Cam.* I would applaud him,  
 Were he saluted *Cæsar*: But I fear,  
 These long-protracted Counsels will undo us:  
 And 'tis beyond my Reason, he being dead,  
 You should conceal your self, or hope it can  
 Continue undiscover'd.

*Aper.* That I have kill'd him,  
 Yet feed these ignorant Fools with Hopes he lives,  
 Has a great end in't: The *Pannonian* Cohorts  
 (That are my own, and sure) are not come up;  
 The *German* Legions waver, and *Charinus*  
 (Brother to this dead Dog) (Hells Plagues on *Niger*),  
 Is jealous of the Murther, and I hear,  
 Is marching up against me, 'tis not safe,  
 Till I have Power to justifie the Act,  
 To shew my self the Author. Be careful, therefore,  
 For a small time, (till I have fully sounded  
 How the Tribunes and Centurions stand affected)  
 That none come near the Litter. If I find them  
 Firm to my Party, I'll dare disclose my self;  
 And then, live *Aper's* Equal.

*Cam.* Does not the Body begin to putrifie?

*Aper.* That exacts my Haste.  
 When but even now I feign'd Obedience to it,  
 As I had some great Business to impart,  
 The Scent had almost choak'd me. Be careful therefore  
 All keep at distance.

*Cam.* I am taught my Part,  
 Haste you to perfect yours.

*Gua.* I had rather meet  
 An Enemy in the Field, than stand thus nodding,  
 Like a Rug-gown'd Watchman.

[Exit *Aper*.

- Enter



*Enter Diocles, Maximinian, and Geta.*

*Max.* A Watch at Noon ! This is a new Device.

*Cam.* Stand.

*Dio.* I am arm'd against all Danger.

*Max.* If I do not second you,  
A Coward's Name pursue me.

*Dio.* Now my Fate guide and direct me.

*Cam.* You are rude and saucy,  
With your forbidden Feet to touch this Ground,  
Sacred to *Cæsar* only, and to these  
That do attend his Person. Speak, what are you ?

*Dio.* What thou, nor any of thy Faction are,  
Nor ever were ; Soldiers, and honest Men.

*Cam.* So blunt ?

*Dio.* No Instruments of Craft, Engines of Murther,  
That serve the Emperour only with Oyl'd Tongues,  
Sooth and applaud his Vices ; and when y'ave wrought  
So far upon his Weakness, that he's grown  
Odious to all the Subject, and himself,  
You rid him out of the way.

*Cam.* Treason.

*Dio.* 'Tis Truth, and I will make it good.

*Cam.* Lay hands upon 'em, or kill 'em instantly.

*Get.* I'll keep my Distance ; I do not like the Sport.

*Dio.* What's he that is  
Owner of any Vertue worth a *Roman*,  
Or does retain the Memory of the Oath  
He made to *Cæsar*, that dares lift his Sword  
Against that Man who (careless of his life)  
Comes to discover such a horrid Treason,  
As when you hear't, and understand how long  
Y'ave been abus'd, will make you mad with Fury.  
I am no Stranger, but, like you, a Soldier,  
Train'd up one from my Youth ; and I see some  
With whom I have serv'd ; and (not to praise my self)  
Must needs confess, they have seen *Diocles*,  
In the late *Britain* Wars, both dare and do  
Beyond a Common Man.

1. *Gua.* *Diocles!*

2. *Gua.* I know him; the bravest Soldier of the Empire.

*Cam.* Stand; if thou advance an Inch, thou art dead.

*Dio.* Dye thou,

[*Kills Cam.*

That durst oppose thy self against a Truth,  
That will break out, tho' Mountains cover it.

*Get.* I fear this is a sucking Pig, no, Boar,  
He falls so easie.

*Dio.* Hear me, Soldiers;  
And if I make it not apparent to you  
This is an Act of Justice, and no Murther,  
Cut me in pieces: I'll disperse the Cloud  
That has so long obscur'd a bloody Act,  
Ne'er equal'd yet. You all know with what Favours  
The good *Numerianus* ever grac'd  
The Provost *Aper*.

1. *Gua.* We all know it well.

*Dio.* And that those Bounties  
Should have contain'd him (if he e're had learn'd  
The Elements of Honesty and Truth)  
In loyal Duty: But Ambition never  
Looks backward on Desert, but with blind haste  
Boldly runs on. But I lose time. You are here  
Commanded by this *Aper* to attend  
The Emperor's Person: No, my Friends, you are cozen'd,  
The good *Numerianus* now is past  
The sense of Wrong or Injury.

*All Gua.* How? dead!

*Dio.* Let your own Eyes inform you.

[*Opens the Litter, and shews the Body  
of the murther'd Emperor.*

*Get.* Is this an Emperor's Cabinet?  
Fough! I have known a Charnel-house smell sweeter.  
If Emperors Flesh have this favour, what will mine do,  
When I am rotten?

1. *Gua.* Most unheard of Villany!

2. *Gua.* And with all Cruelty to be reveng'd.

1. *Gua.* Who is the Murtherer? Name him, that we may  
Both punish it in him, and all his Family.

*Dio.* Who



*Dio.* Who but *Aper*?

That barbarous, and most ungrateful *Aper*.  
His desperate Poniard printed on his Breast  
This deadly wound.

Nay, weep not, let your loves speak in your Anger;  
And to confirm you gave no suffrage to  
This damned Plot, lend me your helping Hands,  
To punish the Paricide: And if you find  
That there is worth in *Diocles* to deserve it,  
Make him your Leader.

*All.* A *Diocles*! A *Diocles*! A *Diocles*.

*Dio.* We'll force him from his Guards. Now my Stars,  
If you have any good for me in store  
Shew it, when I have slain this fatal Boar [Exeunt.

*Delphia, and Drusilla, appear in the Air, in a Chariot  
drawn by Dragons.*

*Del.* Fix here, and rest a while your Sail-stretch'd Wings,  
That have out-strippt the Winds. The Eye of Heaven  
Durst not behold our speed, but hid it self  
Behind the grossest Clouds; and the pale Moon  
Pluckt in her Silver Horns; trembling for fear  
That my strong Spells should force her from her Sphere.  
Such is the power of Art.

*Drus.* Good Aunt, where are we?

*Del.* Look down *Drusilla*. Yonder lofty Towers,  
And spacious Streets, where every private House  
Appears a Pallace to receive a King:  
The Site, the Wealth, and Beauty of the Place,  
Will soon inform thee 'tis Imperial Rome:  
*Rome*, the great Mistress of the conquer'd World.

*Dru.* But without *Diocles*, it is to me,  
Like any Wilderness we have pass'd o're.  
Shall I not see him?

*Del.* Yes, and in full glory;  
And glut thy eager Eyes with looking on  
His prosperous success. Contain thy self:-  
For tho' all things beneath us are transparent,  
The sharpest sighted, were he Eagle-Ey'd,

Cannot discover us. Nor will we hang  
Idle Spectators to behold his Triumph.

*Enter Diocles, Maximinian, Senators, Guard, with Aper  
Prisoner, Geta, and Officers.*

But when occasion shall present it self,  
Do something to add to it. See, he comes.

*Drus.* How God-like he appears! with such a grace  
(The Giants, that attempted to scale Heaven  
When they lay dead on the *Phlegrean Plain*).  
*Mars* did appear to *Jove*.

*Del.* Forbear.

*Dio.* Look on this,  
And when with horror thou hast view'd thy deed,  
(Thy most accursed deed) be thy own Judge,  
And tell me if thou canst perswade thy self,  
To Hope, or Plead for Mercy?

*Ape.* No; I confess my life's a burthen to me.

*Dio.* Thou art like thy Name, a cruel Boar:  
I long have hunted for thee; and since now  
Thou art in the Toil, it is in vain to hope,  
Thou ever shalt break out.

Yet since my future Fate depends upon thee,  
Thus to fulfil great *Delphia's* Prophecie,

*Aper* (thou fatal Boar) receive the honour [*Kills* *Aper*.]  
To fall by *Diocles* Hand. Shine clear my Stars,  
That met when I had entrance to the World,  
And give Applause to this great Work.

*Del.* Strike Musick from the Spheres.

*Drus.* Oh now you honour me!

*Dio.* Ha! Musick in the Air!

*All.* This is miraculous!

*A Symphony of Mu-  
sick in the Air.*

*Max.* This shews the Gods approve the Person, and the Act.  
But hark!



First S O N G.

**G**reat Diocles the Boar has kill'd,  
Which did infest the Land;  
What Heart is not with Rapture fill'd?  
Who can his Joys command?  
Down, down the bloody Villain falls,  
Hated, contemn'd of All;  
And now the mighty Spirit calls,  
For Rites of Funeral.

C H O R U S.

Sing Io's! praise the Thundring Jove,  
Pallas and Venus share;  
Since the All-charming Queen of Love,  
Inspires the God of War:

Second S O N G, by a Woman.

**C**Haron, the peaceful Shade invites,  
He hastes to Waft him o're;  
Give him all necessary Rites,  
To land him on the Shore.  
Sound all your Instruments of War,  
Fifes, Trumpets, Timbrels play;  
Let all Mankind the Pleasure share,  
And bless this happy Day.

C H O R U S.

Sound all your Instruments, &c.

*Max.* Now if the Senate  
(for in the Soldiers Eyes I read their Love)  
Think *Diocles* worthy to supply the place,  
Of dead *Numerianus* ; as he stands  
His Heir in his revenge ; with one consent  
Salute him Emperor.

*1 Sen.* Long live *Diocles*,  
*Augustus*, *Pater Patriæ*, and all Titles  
That are peculiar only to the *Cæsar's*,  
We gladly throw on him.

*1 Gna.* We confirm it,  
And will defend his honour with our Swords,  
Against the World ; raise him to the Tribunal.

*1 Sen.* Fetch the Imperial Robes : And as a sign  
We give him absolute power of Life and Death,  
Bind this Sword to his Side.

*2. Sen.* Omit no Ceremony that may be for his honour.

*While they Invest him with the Imperial Robes, this Martial Song is sung : Trumpets and Ho-Boys joyning with them.*

**L**ET the Soldiers rejoyce,  
With a general Voice,  
And the Senate new Honours decree 'em ;  
Who at his Armies Head,  
Struck the fell Monster dead,  
And so boldly, and bravely did free 'em.

### CHORUS.

Rejoyce, Rejoyce, &c.



To Mars let 'em raise,  
And their Emperors praise,  
*A Trophy of the Armies own making ;*  
To Maximinian too,  
Some honours are due,  
*Who joy'd in the brave undertaking.*

C H O R U S.

*Rejoyce, Rejoyce, &c.*

*With Flowers let 'em strow,*  
*The way as they go,*  
*Their Statues with Garlands adorning,*  
*Who from Tyrannies Night*  
*Drave the Mists in their Sight,*  
*And gave 'em a glorious Morning.*

C H O R U S.

*Rejoyce, Rejoyce, &c.*

Then a Symphony of Flutes in the Air, and after this  
S O N G.

**S***Ince the Toils and the Hazards of War's at an end,*  
*The Pleasures of Love should succeed 'em ;*  
*The Fair should present what the Senators send,*  
*And compleat what they have decreed 'em.*  
*With Dances and Songs, with Tambours and Flutes,*  
*Let the Maids shew their Joy as they meet him ;*  
*With Cymbals and Harps, with Viols and Lutes,*  
*Let the Husbands and True Lovers greet him.*

CHORUS.

## C H O R U S.

*Let the Priest with Processions the Hero attend,  
And Statues erect to his Glory ;  
Let the Smoak from the Altars to Heaven ascend,  
All sing Great Diocles Story.*

*Max.* Still the Gods  
Express that they are pleas'd with the Election.

*Get.* My Master is an Emperör, and I feel  
A Senators Itch upon me. Would I could hire  
These fine invisible Fidlers to play to me  
At my Instalment.

*Dio.* I embrace your loves,  
And hope the Honours which you heap on me  
Shall be with Strength supported. I desire no Titles,  
But as I shall deserve 'em. I will keep  
My Name, but with this difference, I will add  
To *Diocles* but two short Syllables,  
And be call'd *Dioclesianus*.

*Get.* This is fine.  
I'll follow the Fashion, and when I am a Senator,  
I'll be no more plain *Geta*, but be call'd  
Lord *Getianus*.

*Dru.* He ne're thinks of me, nor of your Favour.

*Enter Niger.*

*Del.* If he dares prove false,  
These Glories shall be to him as a Dream,  
Or an Incharmed Banquet.

*Nig.* From *Charinus*,  
From Great *Charinus*, who with Joy has heard  
Of your Proceedings, and confirms your Honours.  
He, with his beauteous Sister, fair *Aurelia*,  
Are come in Person, like themselves attended,  
To gratulate your Fortune.

*Dio.* For thy News,



Be thou in *France* Pro-Consul. Let us meet  
The Emperor with all Respect and Honour.

*Trumpets. Enter Charinus, Aurelia, Attendants.*

*Dru.* Oh Aunt ! I see this Princess does eclipse  
The Lustre of my Beauty, tho' I were  
My self to be the Judge.

*Del.* Relie on me.

*Cha.* 'Tis Vertue, and not Birth, that makes us Noble.  
Great Actions speak Great Minds, and such should govern ;  
And you are grac'd with both. Thus, as a Brother,  
A Fellow, and Copartner in the Empire,  
I do embrace you : May we live so far  
From Difference, or emulous Competition,  
That all the World may say, although two Bodies,  
We have one Mind.

*Aur.* When I behold this Object,  
The dead *Numerianus*, I should wash  
His Wounds with Tears, and pay a Sister's Sorrow  
To his sad Fate : but since he lives again  
In your most brave Revenge, I bow to you,  
As to a Power which gave him second Life,  
And will make good my Promise. If you find  
That there is Worth in me that may deserve you,  
Altho' my Youth and Fortune may require  
Both to be su'd and sought to, here I yield  
My self to be your Wife.

*Dio.* Oh you Gods !  
Teach me how to be thankful ; you have pour'd  
All Blessings on me, that ambitious Man  
Could ever fancy. Till this happy Minute  
I ne'er saw Beauty, or believ'd there could be  
Perfection in a Woman. On my Knees  
I thus receive you ; and, if you vouchsafe it,  
This day I am doubly married, to the Empire,  
And your fair self.

*Del.* False and perfidious Villain —

*Dru.* Let me fall headlong on him. Oh my Stars !  
This I foresaw, and fear'd.

*Cha.* Call in a *Flamen* ; this Knot  
Shall instantly be ty'd.

*Del.* But it shall not.

If Art or Hell have any strength.

*Enter a Flamen. Thunder and Lightning. The Stage is dark-  
ned on a sudden. A dreadful Monster comes from the  
further end of the Scenes, and moves slowly forward.*

*Cha.* Prodigious !

*Max.* How soon the Day's o're-cast !

*Fla.* The Signs are fatal.

*Juno* smiles not upon this Match, and shews  
She has her Thunder too. Defer the Marriage,  
Or this fell Monster will devour you all.

*Dio.* Can there be a Stop to all my Happiness?

*Cha.* We were too violent,  
And I repent my haste. First let us pay  
All Rites of Funeral to my dead Brother ;  
Perhaps that may appease the angry Gods.

*The Musick flourish. They who made the Monster separate in  
an instant, and fall into a Figure, ready to begin a Dance  
of Furies.*

*Cha.* 'Tis wonderful. Here, take up the Body ;  
And when we have plac'd his Ashes in his Urn,  
We'll try the Gods again.

*[Exeunt Trumpets and Drums, sounding and  
beating a dead March.*

*Del.* So, 'tis deferr'd yet, in despite of Falshood.  
Comfort, *Drusilla* ; for he shall be thine.  
Some Rites I must perform to *Hecate*,  
To perfect my Designs ; Which finish'd once,  
He shall be made obedient to thy Call,  
Or in his Ruine I will bury all.

*End of the Second Act.*



ACT III. SCENE I.

Scene a Room, Chairs in it, the Hangings and Figures Grotesk.

Enter Maximinian.

Max. **W**Hat powerful Star shin'd at this Man's Nativity,  
And blest his homely Cradle with full Glory?  
What throngs of People press and buz about him,  
And with their humming Flatteries sing him *Cæsar*?  
How the fierce-minded Soldier bows before him?  
*Charinus* sues, the Emperor intreats him;  
And his bright charming Sister doats on him:  
All worship him; yet I'm still *Maximinian*:  
What have I got by this? I have gone as far  
To wooe this purblind Honour, as he has;  
And done as much, run thro' as many Perils:  
Only the Executioner of *Aper*,  
(Which I mistook) has made him Emperor,  
And me his Slave.

Enter Delphia and Drusilla.

Del. Stand still, he cannot see us, till I please.  
This Discontentment I have forc'd into him,  
For thy Cause, my *Drusilla*.

Max. Can the Gods see this?  
See it with Justice, and confer their Blessings  
On him, that never flung one Grain of Incense  
Upon their Altars, never bow'd his Knee yet?  
And I, that have march'd Foot by Foot, struck equally,  
Contemning his base covetous——

Del. Now we'll appear.

Max. Bless me, ye Gods! And with all Reverence---[*Kneels*.

Del. Stand up, my Son;  
And wonder not at thy ungrateful Uncle:  
I know thy Thoughts, and I appear to ease 'em.

Max. Oh Mother! did I stand the tenth part to you

Engag'd and fetter'd, as my Uncle does,  
How would I serve, how would I fall before you ;  
How worship and adore you ?

*Del.* Peace, and flatter not ;  
Necessity and Anger draws this from you,  
Of both which I forgive you. For your Uncle,  
'Twas I foretold this Honour, it fell on him,  
Fell to his full Content. He has forgot me,  
For all my Care, forgot me, and his Vow too ;  
And I have forgot him ; let him stand fast now.  
Come hither : My Care shall be for you.

*Max.* Oh blessed Mother ! [*She charms him.*

*Del.* Stand still, and let me work. So now, *Maximinian*,  
Go and appear in Court, and eye *Aurelia* ;  
Stand in her View, make your Addresses to her ;  
Prepare some Musick, and then shew your self,  
And mark the Consequence : I'll say no more,  
But Fortune is your Servant ; go, and be happy.

*Max.* I know all this is holy Truth.

*Del.* Believe, and prosper. [*Exit Maximinian.*

*Dru.* Yet all this cures not me :  
You had full as much Belief from *Dioclesian*.

*Enter Geta, Licitors, and Suitors with Petitions.*

*Del.* Be not dejected, I have warn'd you often ;  
The proudest thoughts he has, I'll humble. Who's this ?  
O, 'tis the Fool, and Knave, grown a grave Officer :  
He's hot with high Preferment.

*Get.* What's your Bill ? For Gravel for the *Appian Way*,  
And Pills. Is the Way Rheumatick ?

*1 Suit.* 'Tis Piles, an't please your Worship.

*Get.* Remove me those Piles to *Port Esqueline*,  
'Tis fitter for the Place. You shall be paid.

*1 Suit.* I thank your Honour.

*Get.* Thank me when you have it ;  
Thank me another way, you are an Ass else.  
I know my Office. Lord, how these Fellows throng !  
That Knave has eaten Garlick, whip him, and bring him hack.



2 *Suit.* I beseech your Worship;  
Here's an old Reck'ning for the Dung and Dirt, Sir.

*Get.* It stinks like thee; away. Yet let him tarry.  
Let's see your Bill: Give your Petitions  
In seemly sort, and keep your Caps off decently.  
For scowring the Water-courses thro' the City?  
A fine *Periphrasis* for a Kennel-raker.  
Did you scowr all, my Friend? You had some Business.  
Who shall scowr you? You'r to be paid, I take it,  
When Surgeons swear you have perform'd your Office.

3. *Suit.* Your Worship's merry.  
*Get.* We must be sometimes witty,  
To nick a Knave; 'tis useful to our Gravity.  
I'll take no more Petitions; I am pester'd;  
Give me some Rest?

3 *Suit.* I have brought the Gold (an't please ye)  
About the Place you promis'd.

*Get.* See him enter'd. How does your Daughter?

3 *Suit.* The better for your Worship.

*Get.* This is too little: But let me see your Daughter;  
'Tis a good forward Girl. I'll take no more Petitions.

*Lic.* You see the *Edile's* busie.

*Get.* Look to your Places, or I'll make you smoak else.  
I drank a Cup of Wine at your House yesterday,  
It was smart Wine, my Friend.

*Lic.* Send him the Piece; he likes it.

*Get.* And eat the best Wild Boar at that same Farmer's.

2 *Suit.* I have half left yet; your Worship shall command it.

*Get.* A Bit will serve. Give me some rest. Gods help me.  
How shall I labour when I am a Senator?

*Del.* 'Tis a fit Place indeed. Save you, Sir.  
Does not your Worship know us?

*Get.* These Women are so troublesome.  
There be Houses providing for such wretched Creatures,  
Houses of small Rents, to set old Wives a spinning.

*Dru.* We are no Spinsters, Sir, nor, if you look on us,  
So wretched as you take us.

*Del.* Does your Mightiness  
(For that's a great Destroyer of the Memory)  
Yet understand our Faces?

*Get.* Prethee.

*Get.* Prethee keep off, Woman.  
It is not fit I should know every Creature.  
What tho' I was familiar heretofore?  
I must not know thee now: my Place neglects thee;  
Yet cause I have a glimpse of your remembrance,  
Give me your Sutes, and wait me a Month hence.

*Del.* Our Suits (Sir) are, to see the Emperor,  
The Emperor *Dioclesian*, to speak with him;  
And not to wait on you. We have told you all, Sir.

*Get.* I laugh at your simplicity, poor Women.  
To see the Emperor; you are deceiv'd now;  
The Emperor appears but once in seven Years,  
And then he shines not on such Weeds as you are.  
Yet now I think on't; wait in that Room of State,  
Perhaps he may come forth. All leave me but my Officers.

*Del.* I thank you, Sir; [Ex. Suit.  
Come my *Drusilla*, we shall see him there. [Ex. Del. Drus.

*Get.* I am too merciful, I find it Friends;  
Of too soft a nature for an Officer;  
I bear too much remorse.

*Lic.* 'Tis your own fault, Sir:  
For look ye, one so newly warm in office,  
Should lay about him blindfold, like true Justice;  
Hit where it will: the more you Whip and Hang Sir,  
(Tho' without cause, let that shew it self afterward)  
The more you are admir'd, and fear'd, Sir.

*Get.* I think it should be so.

*Lic.* Your Country-men are by nature Cholerick,  
And prone to Anger.

*Get.* Nay, I can be Angry,  
And the best is, I need shew no reason for't.

*Lic.* You need not, Sir, your Place is without reason;  
And what you want in Learning, and in Judgment,  
Make up with Rule, and Rigor.

*Get.* A rare Counsellor!  
Instruct me further. Is it fit, my Friend,  
The Emperor, my Master *Dioclesian*,  
Should now remember, or the Times, or Manners,  
Call'd him, plain, down-right *Diocles*?



*Lic.* He must not ; it stands not with his Royalty.

*Get.* I grant ye.

I being then the *Edile Gestianus*,  
A Man of Place, and Judge ; is it held requisite  
I should commit to my Consideration,  
Those Rascals of remov'd, and ragged Fortunes,  
Who with unreverend Mouths, call'd me *Slave Geta*?

*Lic.* You must forget their Names ; your Honour bids you.

*Get.* I will forget 'em, but I'll hang their Natures.  
I will ascend my Place, which is of Justice ;  
And Mercy I forget thee.

*Lic.* A rare Magistrate ! another *Solon* sure.

*Get.* An hour hence I'll sit in State, in this Place,  
And then, hang all are brought before me. [*Exeunt.*

*A Curtain falls representing the entrance into the inner part of a Magnificent Pallace. A noble Arch ; behind it two Embroider'd Curtains, part of the first ty'd up on either side, the farther Curtain hanging down. Figures of Diana, on each side of the Arch standing on large Pedestals.*

*Enter Diocles.*

*Dio.* How am I cross't, and tortur'd ?

My most-wisht Happiness, my lovely Mistress,  
Who must compleat my Hopes, and link my Greatness,  
Yet severed from my Arms ? Tell me, high Heaven,  
How have I finned, that you should speak in Thunder ?  
In horrid Thunder, when my Heart was ready  
To leap into her Breast, the Priest was ready,  
The fair *Aurelia* ready. You gave the honour,  
And ere you gave it full, could you destroy it ?

*Enter Delphia, and Drusilla.*

Or was there some dire Star ? some Devil that did it ?  
Some sad malignant Angel to my honour ?  
With you, I dare not rage.

*Del.* With

*Del.* With me thou canst not,  
 Tho' it was I; nay look not pale, and frighted;  
 I'll fright you more: with me thou canst not quarrel.  
 I rais'd the Thunder to rebuke thy falshood.  
 Look here, to her thy falshood. Now be angry,  
 And be as great in Evil, as in Empire.

*Dio.* Bless me ye Powers!

*Del.* True, thou hast need of Blessing.  
 'Twas I that at thy great Inauguration,  
 Hung in the Air unseen. 'Twas I that honour'd thee  
 With various Musick, and sweet sounding Airs.  
 But why did I all this? To keep thy Honesty,  
 Thy Vow, and Faith; that once forgot, and slighted,  
 All other Blessings leave you; nay *Aurelia*  
 (Unless thou soon repent) shall scorn, and hate thee.

*Drus.* Yet consider,  
 As you are Noble, as I have deserv'd ye;  
 For yet you are free. If neither Faith, nor Promise,  
 Nor Deeds of former times may be remembred;  
 Let these new dropping Tears, for I still love you,  
 These Hands held up to Heaven—— (you,

*Dio.* I can pity you, but that is all; I'll not dissemble with  
 I must not offer more, 'twere most unwise in me.

*Del.* How? were it not wise?

*Dio.* Nor honourable,  
 A Princess is my Love, she dotes on me;  
 A fair, and lovely Princess is my Mistress.  
 I am an Emperor: consider Prophetess,  
 I am now for Queens, for none but Divine Beauties;  
 To look so low as this cheap common sweetness,  
 Would speak me mean still, and my Glories nothing.  
 I grant I made a Vow; what was I then?  
 As she is now, of no note, (Hope made me Promise,)  
 But as I am, to keep this Vow were monstrous,  
 A madness, and a low inglorious fondness.

*Del.* Take heed, proud Man.

*Drus.* Princes may love with Titles,  
 But I with Truth.

*Del.* Take heed: here stands thy Destiny.  
 Thy Fate depends on her.

*Dio.* Thou



*Dio.* Thou doating Sorceress;  
Would'st have me love this thing? that is not worthy  
To wait upon my Saint, to be her Shadow.  
A Princess is her Slave; when she appears  
Bows her beck. The mighty *Persia's* Daughter  
(Bright as the breaking *East*, as mid-day Glorious)  
Waits her commands, is proud to serve her Pleasures.  
Some honorable Match I will provide for her,  
That shall advance you both; mean time I'll smile on you.

[*Exit.*

*Del.* Mean time I'll haunt you. Cry not Child, be confident.  
'Ere long thou shalt more pitty him, (observe me)  
And pitty him in truth, than now thou seekst him.  
My Art shall fail me else; come, no more weeping. [*Exeunt.*

*Scene the former Chamber, hung with Grotesk-work.*

*Enter Geta, and Lictors.*

*Get.* Set me my Chair.  
And now I'll put on a Face of Authority.  
A Whipping, Torturing, Hanging Face; 'tis well.  
Now, bring in the Offenders.

*Lic.* There are none yet, Sir, but no doubt there will be.

*Get.* How? am I ready? and my Anger too?  
The fury of a Magistrate upon me,  
And no Offenders to execute my Rage on?  
Ha! no Offenders. Knaves?

*Lic.* There are Knaves indeed, Sir;  
We hope shortly to have 'em for your Worship.

*Get.* No Man to Hang, or Whip? are you good Officers,  
To provide no Fuel for a Judges Fury?  
In this Place, something must be done. This Chair,  
When I sit down, must savour of severity:  
Therefore I warn ye all, bring me leud People,  
Or likely to be leud; Twigs must be cropt too.  
Let me have Evil Persons in abundance,  
Or make 'em Evil, 'tis all one; do but say so,  
That I may have fit matter for a Magistrate,

Then let me work. If I sit idle once more,  
 And lose my longing; as I am true *Edile*,  
 And as I hope to rectify my Country,  
 You are the Scabs I'll scratch from the Common-Wealth;  
 You are those Rascals of the State I'll punish,  
 And you shall find, and feel it.

*I Lic.* You shall have many, many notorious People.

*Get.* Let 'em be People,  
 And keep notorious to your selves. Mark me *Lictors*,  
 If I be angry, as my Place will ask it,  
 And want fit matter to execute my Authority on,  
 I'll hang a hundred of you. I'll not stay  
 To inquire further into your Offences.  
 It is sufficient that I find no Criminals,  
 And therefore I must make some; let that suffice.  
 For so runs my Commission.

*Enter Delphia, and Drusilla.*

*Get.* What are these?

*Del.* You must not mourn still; some recreation  
 To allay this sadness, must be sought. What's here?  
 Some fenceless People Worshipping a Sign in Office.

*Get.* Lay hold on her, and hold her fast;  
 She'll slip thro' your Fingers like an Eel else;  
 I know her Tricks. Hold her, I say, and bind her:  
 Or hang her first, and then I'll tell you wherefore.

*Del.* What have I done?

*Get.* Thou hast done enough to undo thee.  
 Thou hast press'd to the Emperor's presence without my War-  
 I being his Key, and Image. (rant,

*Del.* You are, indeed, an Image;  
 And of the coursest Stuff, and the worst making,  
 That 'ere I lookt on yet.  
 I'll make as good an Image of an Ass.

*Get.* Besides, thou art a Woman of a leud Life.

*Del.* I am no Whore, Sir, nor no common fame  
 Has 'ere proclaim'd me vitious to the People.

*Get.* Thou art to me, a damnable leud Woman,  
 Which is as strong a proof as if Forty swore it.  
 I know thou art a keeper of tame Devils,

And



And whereas great and grave Men of my Place,  
Can by the Law be allow'd but one a piece  
For their own Services and Recreation,  
Thou, like a Traiterous Quean, keep'st twenty Devils,  
Twenty in Ordinary.

*Del.* Pray, Sir, be pacified,  
If that be all; and if you want a Servant,  
Yon shall have one of mine shall serve for nothing;  
A faithful, diligent, and a wise Devil.  
For what use do you want one?

*Get.* Let her go.  
We men of business must use speedy Servants.  
Let me see all your Family.

*Del.* You shall; I have Devils of all kinds ready for you.

*Get.* Let me see; a Devil for Intelligence? No, no,  
He will lye beyond all Travellers. A State Devil?  
Neither; he'll out-do me at my own Weapon.  
An Evidencing Devil? he'll out-swear me,  
And turn my Plots upon my self. An impudent Devil?  
That can out-face a Judge upon the Bench.  
He may hang others, then he may hang me.  
A holy Devil? one that can out-do  
The High-Priest in Hipocrisie. That's dangerous:  
He'll broach some new Religion; and we are  
Already over-stockt with seeming Saints;  
Or over-zealous mad Men, that are as bad.  
A Devil that can speak all Languages:  
To entertain Embassadors in their own Tongues,  
Or else some pleasant Airy, Dancing Devils,  
To treat the Ladies with, who visit me.  
Those would do well.

*Del.* It shall be done.  
Sit there; and if you love your own Life, stir not.  
I'll give you a taste of my Art immediately.  
You see those Antick Figures in the Hangings.

*Get.* Yes, very well.

*Del.* They are all Spirits; all at my command.  
My Servants all, and they shall entertain you;  
Come forth, and Dance before this mighty *Edile*.  
Come forth, and leave your Shadows in your places.

*The Figures come out of the Hangings and Dance: And Figures exactly the same appear in their places: When they have danc'd a while, they go to sit on the Chairs, they slip from 'em, and after joyn in the Dance with 'em.*

*Get.* Shall these Devils be at my command?

*Del.* They shall be more obedient than your slaves.  
You shall have other Spirits if you please,  
Shall take you up, and bear you thro' the Air;  
*Hurricania*, appear; and take him up.

*Get.* O deliver me! deliver me! [*Get. runs off, the Lictors follow him.*]

*Del.* So; I have frighted him sufficiently,  
He'll trouble us no more. Come my *Drusilla*,  
Th' Embassadors of *Persia* are now  
With th' Emperor *Charinus* and *Aurelia*,  
Demanding freedom for their Master's Sister,  
The fair *Cassana*, whom the haughty Princess  
Shall still retain, and send th' Embassadors  
In discontent away. Come, do not grieve,  
Thou soon shalt see this proud ingrateful Man,  
So miserable, thou shalt pitty him.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene a Magnificent Pallace.*

*Enter Charinus, Aurelia, Cassana, Ambassadors.  
and Attendants.*

*Aur.* Never dispute with me, you shall not have her;  
Nor name the greatness of your King, I despise him.  
Your Knees move nothing: should your Master bow thus,  
It were his Duty, and my Power should scorn him.

*Cha.* She is her Woman (never sue to me)  
And in her Power to render her, or keep her.  
She is my Sister, not to be compell'd,  
Nor have her own snatcht from her.

*Amb.* We only beg her,  
To name what Ransom she will please to think of,

Jewels,



Jewels, or Towns, or Provinces.

*Aur.* No Ransom,  
No not your Kings own Head, his Crown upon it,  
And all the low submissions of his People.

*Amb.* Fair Princess's, ought to have tender thoughts.

*Aur.* Is she too good,  
To wait upon the mighty Emperor's Sister?  
What Princess of that Sweetness, or that Excellence?  
Sprung from the proudest, and the mightiest Monarchs,  
But may be highly blest, to be my Servant?

*Cas.* 'Tis most true, mighty Princess.

*Aur.* Has my fair usage  
Made you so much despise me, and my Fortune,  
That you grow weary of my Entertainments?  
Henceforward, as you are I will command you;  
And as you were ordain'd my Prisoner,  
My Slave, and one I may dispose of any way,  
No more my fair Companion: tell your King so.  
I'll use her as I please, and that's your Answer.

*Amb.* Our Master with a mighty Army's near;  
I know he'll venture all to free his Sister; [Aside.  
You are the cause then of the War: for since  
Entreaty can't prevail, force must compel. [Ex. Amb.

Musick and a S O N G.

Enter Maximinian, he stands gazing on the Princess  
all the time of the Song.

**W**Hat shall I do to show how much I love her?  
How many Millions of Sigh's can suffice?  
That which wins other Hearts, never can move her,  
Those common methods of Love she'll despise.

I will love more than Man e're lov'd before me,  
Gaze on her all the Day, melt all the Night;  
Till for her own sake at last she'll implore me,  
To love her less to preserve our delight.

Since

Since Gods themselves could not ever be loving,  
 Men must have breathing Recruits for new Joys.  
 I wish my Love could be always improving.  
 Tho eager Love more than Sorrow destroys.

In Fair Aurelia's Arms leave me expiring,  
 To be Embalm'd by the Sweets of her Breath,  
 To the last Moment I'll still be desiring:  
 Never had Hero so glorious a Death.

Max. Now, if thou be'st a Prophetess, and canst do  
 Things of that wonder that thy Tongue delivers;  
 Canst raise me too, now shew thy mighty Pow'r.  
 How she eyes me?  
 How sweet, how fair, and lovely she appears?  
 Her Eyes, like bright Noon-beams, shoot thorow me.

Aur. Oh my dear Friend, where have you been?

Max. Where am I?

Who does she take me for? Work still, work strongly.

Aur. Why have you fled my Love, and my Embraces?

Max. Is this real? I dare not trust my Senses.

Aur. Can a Clap of Thunder,  
 The Cause being as common as the Noise is,  
 Strike Terror to a Soldier's Heart? a Monarch's?  
 Thro' all the Fires of angry Heaven, thro' Tempests,  
 That sing of nothing but Destruction,  
 Even underneath the Bolt of Jove, then ready,  
 And aiming dreadfully, I would seek you,  
 and fly into your Arms.

Max. I shall be mighty!

Gha. Fie, Sister, fie:

What a forgetful Weakness is this in you?  
 What a light Carriage? These are Words and Offers  
 Due only to your Husband *Dioclesian*.

Aur. 'Tis strange,  
 That only empty Names compel Affections.



This Man you see, give what Name or Title,  
Let it be ne'er so mean, ne'er so despis'd; Brother,  
This lovely Man——

*Max.* Tho' I be hang'd, I'll on.

*Aur.* This sweet young Man——

*Max.* Oh Prophetess! Incomparable Woman!

*Aur.* This Man, I say,

Let him be what he will, or bear what Fortune,  
This most unequal'd Man, deserves the Bed of *Junio*.

*Cha.* You are not mad?

*Max.* I hope she is: I am sure I am little better.

*Enter Diocles.*

My Uncle comes. Now if she's firm, I am happy.

*Cha.* For Honours sake, be careful.

*Dio.* Oh my fair Mistress!

*Aur.* What Man is this? Away; What sawcy Fellow?  
How came this base mean Creaturer to my Presence?

*Dio.* Have you forgot me, Fair? Or do you jest with me?  
I'll tell you how I came: pray look more kindly.  
Nothing but Frowns and Scorns!

*Aur.* Who is this Fellow?

*Dio.* I'll tell you who: I am your Husband, Madam.

*Aur.* Husband to me?

*Dio.* Yes, to you, Madam: I am *Dioclesian*.

*Max.* More of this sport, and I am made. Oh Mother!  
Compleat what is begun.

*Dio.* I am he, Madam,  
Revenge'd your Brother's Death, slew cruel *Aper*.  
I am he the Soldier courts, the Emperor honours,  
Your Brother loves. I am he (my beauteous Mistress)  
Will make you Empress of the World.

*Aur.* 'Tis false; thou art not he: Thou that brave Man!

*Cha.* Is there no Shame, no Modesty in Woman?

*Aur.* Thou one of his high Rank!

*Dio.* Good Gods! What ails she?

*Aur.* Generous, and Noble! Fie, thou art no such Person.  
Thou art a poor *Dalmatian* Slave, a low thing,  
Not worth the Name of *Roman*. Stand off, further.

*Dio.* What can this mean?

*Aur.* Come

*Aur.* Come hither, my *Endymion* ;  
Come shew thy self, and blest all Eyes look on you.

*Dio.* Ha ! What is this ?

*Aur.* Thou fair Star that I live by,  
Look lovely on me, break into full Brightness.  
Here is a Face now of another making,  
Another Mould ; here's a Divine Proportion ;  
Eyes fit for *Phæbus* self to gild the World with.  
Look there, and wonder. Now behold that Fellow,  
That admirable Face, cut with an Ax out.

*Dio.* And do you speak this truly ?

*Cha.* She's mad, and you must pardon her.

*Dio.* By Heaven, she hangs on him !

*Cha.* Be not disturb'd, Sir ; 'tis but the Fondness of her Fit.

*Dio.* I am fool'd ; and if I suffer this —

*Cha.* Pray be pacifi'd ; this Fit will soon be off.

Let her go, Sir ; a little Rest will bring her to her self.

*Dio.* You, Sir.

[*Exit Aurelia.*

*Max.* Well, Sir.

*Dio.* Base as thou art, how durst you touch that Lady ?

*Max.* I am your Kinsman, Sir ; no such base Fellow ;  
I fought her not, nor had I any reason  
To thrust a Princess from me ; 'twas no Manners.  
What she bestow'd was Courtesie, and I thank her.

*Dio.* Villain, be gone.

*Max.* I will, and I will go with Glory off,  
And magnifie my Fate. [*Exit Maximinian.*

*Dio.* Good Sir, leave me ; I am a Trouble to my self now.

*Cha.* I am sorry for't, and hope  
You'll find it but a Womans Fit to try you.

*Dio.* It may be so.

Into what misery has Fortune brought me, [*Exit Charinus.*  
And how long must I suffer ? Poor humble Beings,  
Tho' they know Want and Hunger, know not these,  
Know not these killing Fates : A little serves 'em,  
And with that little they're content. O Honour !  
How greedily Men seek thee ! and once purchas'd,  
How many Enemies to Man's Peace bring'st thou ?

*Enter*



Enter Delphia and Drusilla.

When I presum'd I was blest with this fair Woman,

*Del.* Behold him now, and tell me how thou lik'st him.

*Dio.* When all my Hopes were up, and Fortune shew'd me  
To all the World, the Greatest, Happiest Monarch;  
Then to be cozen'd, to be cheated basely,  
By my own Kinsman too! I'll kill the Villain.

But can I kill her Hate too? No, he wooes not;  
She seeks him. Shall I kill an Innocent?

Oh Fortune! could'st thou find none to fool, and blow like Bladders,  
But Kings, and their Contents?

*Del.* What think you now, Girl?

*Dru.* Upon my Life, I pity his misfortune.  
See how he weeps! I cannot hold my Tears now.

*Del.* Away, Fool;  
He must weep bloody Tears before thou hast him.

How fare you now, brave *Dioclesian*?  
For shame! tyr'd with your Love? Has too much Pleasure  
Dull'd your mighty Faculties?

*Dio.* Art thou there,  
More to torment me? Dost thou come to mock me?

*Del.* I do, I come to laugh at all thy Sufferings;  
I who have wrought 'em, come to scorn thy Sorrows.  
I told thee once, this is thy Fate, this Woman;  
And as thou usest her, so thou shalt prosper.  
It is not in thy power to turn this Destiny;  
Nor stop the Torrent of thy Miseries.  
Thou who didst think no Power could cross thy Pleasures,  
Shalt find a Fate above thee.

*Dru.* Good Aunt, speak mildly; behold how pitiful he looks.

*Dio.* I find and feel too, that I am miserable.

*Del.* Thou art, most miserable.

*Dio.* And didst thou work this Mischief?

*Del.* I did, and will pursue it.

*Dio.* O stay, and have some pity: Fair *Drusilla*,  
Thou that hast lov'd me, let me beg of thee,  
I know my Suit must seem unjust to thee,  
To make thy Love the means to lose it self:



Yet, Oh ! have pity on me.

*Dru.* I will have pity.

*Del.* Peace, Child ; this softness may become thy Love,  
But not my Anger : The same Kindness he shews thee,  
The same *Aurelia* shall shew him, no farther ;  
Nor shall the Wealth of all his Empire change this.

*Dio.* I must speak fair. Lovely young Maid, forgive me ;  
Look gently on my Sorrows ; you can grieve too,  
I see it in your Eyes ; and thus I thank you. [*Kneels.*

*Dru.* Oh Aunt ! now I am blest !

*Dio.* Be not both young and cruel. Kneeling I beg it still.

*Dru.* Rise, Sir, I grant it. Now, Aunt, he is my own.

*Enter Aurelia.*

*Del.* Thou art deceiv'd ; not yet, Girl.

*Aur.* Oh my dear Lord ! how have I wrong'd your Patience ?  
How wandred from the Truth of my Affections ?  
How like a wanton Fool, shunn'd that I lov'd most ?  
But you are full of Goodness to forgive, Sir,  
As I of Grief to beg, and Shame to take it.  
Sure I was not my self ; some Dream wrought on me,  
Or strange Illusion : Can you pardon it ?

*Dio.* All my Delight !  
My Life ! I with more pleasure take thee  
Than if there had been no such Dream ; for certain,  
It was no more.

*Aur.* Now you have forgiven me,  
I'll take my leave. The good Gods bless such Goodness. [*Ex. Aur.*

*Del.* You see how Kindness prospers. Be so just  
To marry my *Drusilla* ; see then what Joys,  
What Pleasures, greater than this Lady can bestow,  
Shall always wait on you.

*Dio.* I'll die a Dog first.  
Now I am reconcil'd, I will enjoy her,  
In spite of all thy Spirits, and thy Witchcrafts.

*Del.* Thou shalt not, Fool.

*Dio.* I will, old doating Devil.  
Look thou appear no more to cross my Pleasures :  
And wert thou any thing but Air and Spirit,  
My Sword should end the Difference.

[*Exit Diocles.*

*Del.* I



*Del.* I condemn thy Threats. Come, look up, Girl :  
The *Persians* shall lay an Ambush for 'em,  
And they shall fall into the Net, they shall.  
If he repent not soon, I have a Spell  
Shall make him feel on Earth the Plagues of Hell. [Exeunt.

*The End of the Third Act.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Scene the Great Curtain.*

*Enter Delphia and Drusilla.*

*Del.* **T**Is done, *Drusilla*, the great Work is done ;  
*Charinus, Maximinian, Aurelia,*  
Are all the *Persian* Monarch's Prisoners ;  
He has 'em in his Power. Now smile, *Drusilla*.

*Drn.* Where was my *Diocles* when this was done ?

*Del.* Why he was with 'em ; but his Pow'r was vain ?  
As vain as all the Resistance he could make ;  
They bore their Prisoners off, and he was left —

*Drn.* How, left ! Oh do not torture me with Doubt,  
But tell me he is safe, and tell me quickly,  
Or I shall dye with Fear.

*Del.* He is (my Girl) in his own Army, safe ;  
Thou shalt behold him instantly.

*Drn.* Lye still, my trembling Heart, since he is well.  
But how was this effected ?

*Del.* I made the *Persians* lay an Ambush for 'em,  
Then drew 'em from the Camp to take the Air,  
Attended with a strong and chosen Guard.  
I made 'em wander at a Distance from 'em,  
And brought 'em where the *Persians* lay conceal'd,  
And put 'em in their power. Then *Dioclesian*,  
Calling aloud for Succour to the Guard,  
Soon gave 'em the Alarm, and made 'em fly  
With all the Wings of Speed, to rescue 'em ;  
Which they had quickly done, had I not rais'd

A Mist, which hid the *Persians* from their Sight,  
 Guiding 'em till they bore their Prisoners off;  
 Here comes the Emperor, ready to burst  
 With Anger and Despair, for this Disgrace:  
 We'll stand aside, and mark him.  
 When *Niger*, and the rest of 'em are gone,  
 We'll shew our selves.

Enter Dioclesian, Niger, Senators, Guard, and  
 Soldiers.

*Dio.* Talk not of Comfort; I have broke my Faith,  
 And the Gods fight against me.  
 Could it else have been  
 In Nature, that a few weak *Persians*  
 Could (almost in my Armies fight) have forc'd,  
 And bore in Triumph off, all that I lov'd,  
 My Brother and Copartner in the Empire,  
 The *Persian* Prisoner, and my lovely Mistress  
 (A Jewel which I priz'd above my Life.)  
 Could this have been, and I want pow'r to rescue 'em,  
 If the Immortal Gods I have provok'd,  
 Had not given Spirit to the Undertakers,  
 And in their bold Design protected 'em.

*Nig.* Great Caesar,  
 Your safety does confirm you are their Gate;  
 And that howe're their Practices reach others,  
 You stand above their Malice.

*Gu.* Do but lead us on,  
 With that invincible and undaunted Courage,  
 Which waited bravely on you, when you appear'd  
 The Son of Conquest; you shall see us force  
 (Tho' all the Enemies of the East conspire  
 Against your Undertakings) the proud *Persian*  
 Out of his strongest Hold.

*Dio.* You give me, Fellow-Soldiers, a new Life;  
 And tho' (for some great Sin) I am markt out  
 The Object of Heaven's Hate; tho' Jove stood ready  
 To dart his threefold Thunder on my Head,  
 It could not fright me from a fierce Pursuit  
 Of my Revenge. I will redeem my Friends,



And with my Friends, my Honour, at least fall,  
Fall like my self, a Soldier, and a *Roman*.

*Nig.* Now we hear great *Dioclesian* speak.

*Dio.* Draw up your Legions.

And let it be your care (my much lov'd *Niger*)  
To hasten their remove. And fellow Soldiers,  
Your love to me, will teach you to indure,  
As much as I shall, and I ask no more.

*I Gua.* Die he accurst,  
Who thinks of rest, or sleep, before he has  
The *Persians* in his view.

*Nig.* We know the Honour,  
The Dignity of *Rome*; and what's above  
All can be urg'd; the quiet of your Mind,  
Depends upon our haste.

*Al.* Happiness, and glorious Victory attend great *Cæsar*.

[*Exeunt all but Dioclesian.*]

*Dio.* The chearfulness of my Soldiers, gives assurance  
Of good success abroad, if first I make  
My Peace at home here; there is something chides me,  
And sharply tells me, that my breach of Faith,  
To *Delphia*, and *Drusilla*, is the ground  
Of my misfortunes; she was my better Angel,  
And thus I do invoke her. All-knowing *Delphia*!  
Thou more, much more than Woman,  
Look on thy Creature.  
And as thou twice hast pleas'd to shew thy self  
To reprehend my falshood; now vouchsafe  
To see my low submission. [*Del. and Drus. shew themselves.*]

*Del.* What's thy will?

False, and ungrateful (and in that deserving  
All human sorrows) dar'st thou hope from me,  
Relief, or Comfort?

*Dio.* Penitence can appease  
Th' offended Pow'rs; and Sacrifice takes off  
Their heavy Angers; thus I tender both.  
The Master of great *Rome*: and in that Lord  
Of half the *Sun* gives heat, and being to,  
Thus sues for Mercy. Be but as thou wert,  
The Bark, and Pilot of my future Fortunes,

And

And once more steer my Actions to the Port  
Of glorious Honour ; then if I fall off,  
Or break my Faith again to this sweet Virgin,  
Join with those Powers who punish Perjury,  
To make me an example, to deter  
Others from being false.

*Drus.* Upon my Soul,  
You may believe him now : he ne're propos'd  
Ought but what's Noble to me ; he only try'd  
How I could bear unkindness. I see truth  
Triumphant in his sorrow. Dearest Aunt,  
Both credit him, and help him. Sure you can't,  
You can't deny us both, when we thus Plead ;  
Thus, on our Knees, we both implore your Pardon,  
Your Favour, and Assistance.

*Dio.* How happy had I been, had I ne're lookt,  
Beyond this abstract of all Womans goodness !

*Del.* Rise both,  
I know you are sincere, and I forgive you :  
But had you persever'd in your Ingratitude,  
I had pursu'd you with such dreadful torments,  
That Life it self had been a burthen to you.

*Dio.* Could you have added to this Affliction ?

*Del.* Yes, much more : The proud *Aurelia*  
Should have receiv'd the same Indignities  
She had impos'd on the fair *Persian* Princess:  
Which would have gaul'd her haughty Spirit so,  
Till Spite, Rage, and Dispair had made her mad,  
And kill her self.

*Dio.* And I had been the cause of all this woe.

*Del.* I'll shew you what a Noble Monument  
You would have rais'd to the Memory of this Princess.

*She waves her Wand thrice. Soft Musick is heard. Then  
the Curtain rises, and shews a stately Tomb : Aurelia lying  
in the midst of it, on a Bed of State.*

*Del.* What say you now, my Son ?  
Is my Art to be contemn'd ?

*Dio.* 'Tis wonderful !



*Del.* Approach it ; view it nearer.

*Dio.* Ha ! 'tis the real Person of *Aurelia* !  
The liveliness of her Complexion ;  
The brightness of those all-commanding Eyes  
Assure me 'tis no Vision. 'Tis the true,  
The real, living Princess.

*Del.* You are deceiv'd, it is Illusion all.

*Delphia stamps, and it vanishes : behind it is seen a large  
Cupola, supported by Termes on Pedestals. The Prophe-  
tess waves her Wand, the Termes leap from their Pede-  
stals, the Building falls, and the Termes and Cupola  
are turn'd into a Dance of Butterflies.*

*Dio.* Miraculous !

*Del.* Come Son, be not dejected ;  
I know the causes of your discontent ;  
Know you believe your Fame and Honour suffers  
In their Captivity. Hear *Dioclesian* ;  
Despise me, punish me for an Impostor,  
If Fortune waits not on thy Sword, and Victory,  
And glorious Victory attends thy Arms !  
If thou redeem'st not all thy Friends, and hast not  
Thy mightiest Enemies at thy disposal.

*Dio.* Now you revive me.

*Del.* Yet remember,  
When you are rais'd up to the highest Point  
Of human Happiness ; such as move beyond it,  
Must of necessity descend : think on it ;  
Remember you'r a Man, and use those Blessings  
The Gods bestow, with moderation.

*Dio.* I will.

And when I have attain'd this Happiness,  
Even in the height of my exalted Glory ;  
Something I'll do, something so singular,  
All Monarchs shall admire, and but few imitate.

*Del.* You shall ne're repent it.

*Dio.* Come my *Drusilla*,  
Give me thy Hand, and pray for my success.

[*Exeunt.*  
Scene

## Scene a Forest.

*Enter Niger, Geta, Guard, and Soldiers.*

*Nig.* How do you like your entrance to the War ?  
When the whole Body of the Army moves,  
Is't not a glorious fight ?

*Get.* 'Tis a fine May-game.  
But Eating and Drinking is forbidden in't ;  
I mean with leasure. We walk on, and feed  
Like hungry Boys that haste to School ; or as  
We carried Fish to the City, dare stay no where  
For fear our Ware should stink.

*I Gua.* That's the necessity of our speedy March.

*Get.* Sir, I love my ease : I hope a Captain,  
(And a Gown'd Captain too, one who has fate  
In Furrs upon a Seat of *Judicature*,  
Representing the Emperor) may be dispenc'd with.  
I tell you, and do not mock me, when I was Poor,  
I could indure like others, Cold, and Hunger ;  
But since I grew Rich, let my Finger ake,  
Or feel but the least pain in my great Toe,  
Unless I have a Doctor, my own Doctor too,  
That will insure my Life ; I think I am gone.

*Nig.* Come, fear not, you shall want nothing.

*I Gua.* We'll make you fight as you were mad.

*Get.* Not too much of fighting, Friend ;  
It is thy Trade, thou art a private Soldier.  
We Officers, by our Places, must be fine,  
And strut, and make a noise, get all we can,  
But still be careful to preserve our Carcasses.

*I Gua.* You are mistaken ; you must kill for Exercise,  
A Dozen or two a Day.

*Get.* Thou talk'st  
As thou wert Loufing thy self. However,  
I'll have the fear of Heaven before my Eyes,  
And do no hurt, I warrant you.

*Nig.* Come, march on then ;

And



And humour him for our mirth sake.

I *Gua.* Come Captain; now we are near the Enemy,  
You shall have sport I warrant you, and quickly.

*Get.* Sport do you call it?  
Knocking out one anothers Brains a sport?  
Deliver me!

I *Gua.* Here's a brave Soldier!

*Nig.* He's one pleases the Emperor with his Folly,  
And in that a Wise man, and a Valiant.

I *Gua.* Nay then I honour him.

*Nig.* March on I say. [Exeunt]

*A flat Scene of Tents.*

*Enter Cofroe, Cassana, and Persians. Charinus, Maximinian,  
Aurelia Prisoners; with Soldiers. A Throne.*

*Cof.* Now, by the *Persian* Gods, most truly welcome;  
Encompast thus with Tributary Kings  
I entertain you. Lead her to my Throne,  
And seat her by me. Now, bow all of you,  
To do her honour. Oh my best *Cassana*!  
Sister, and Partner of my Life, and Empire,  
We'll teach you to forget with present Pleasures,  
Your late Captivity. And this proud *Roman*,  
That us'd thee as a slave, and did disdain  
A Princely Ransom; shall, if she repine,  
Be forc'd by various Tortures, to adore  
What she of late contemn'd.

*Cas.* All Greatness ever  
Attend my Noble Brother. Tho' *Persia's* stil'd  
The Nurse of Pomp, and Pride, we'll leave to *Rome*  
Her Native Cruelty: For know *Aurelia*,  
A *Roman* Princess, and a *Cæsar's* Sister:  
Tho' late like thee, a Captive; I can forget  
Thy barbarous usage. And tho' thou to me  
(When I was in thy power) didst shew thy self  
A most insulting Tyranness; I to thee  
Will prove a gentle Mistress.

*Aur.* Oh my Stars!

A Mistress! can I live and owe that name  
To Flesh, and Blood? I was born to command,  
Train'd up in Sovereignty; and I in Death  
Can quit the name of Slave: she who scorns Life,  
May mock Captivity.

*Cha.* Rome, will be Rome,  
When we are nothing; and her Pow'rs the same  
Which you once quak'd at.

*Max.* *Dioclesian* lives;  
Hear it and tremble; lives (thou King of *Persia*)  
The Master of his Fortune, and his Honours:  
And tho' by Devillish Arts we were surpriz'd,  
And made the prey of Magick, and of Theft,  
And not won Nobly; we shall be redeem'd,  
And by a *Roman* War. And every wrong  
We suffer here, shall be return'd with Interest,  
On the insulting Doer.

1. *Per.* Sure these *Romans* are more than Men.

2. *Per.* Their great Hearts will not yield;  
They cannot bend to any adverse Fate,  
Such is their confidence.

*Cof.* Then they shall break.  
Why, you rebellious Wretches, dare you still  
Contend, when the least Breath, or Nod of mine,  
Makes you a prey to Vulturs. The vain name  
Of *Roman Legions*, I slight, and scorn.  
And for that boasted Bug-bear *Dioclesian*,  
Whose Army now is almost in our View,  
(That you presume on) oh were he the Master,  
Of Spirit enough to meet me in the Field;  
He soon should find that our Immortal Squadrons,  
Dare meet his boldest Troops, and scatter 'em.  
As a high tow'ring Falcon on her stretches  
Scatters the fearful Fowl. And by the Sun,  
The Moon, the Winds, the Nourishers of Life,  
And by this Sword, the Instrument of Death;  
Since you submit not humbly to our Mercy,  
But yet dare hope for Liberty by force.  
If *Dioclesian* has not the Courage



Bravely to free you with his Sword? all slavery  
That Cruelty can find out to make you wretched,  
Falls heavy on you.

*Max.* If the Sun keeps his Course,  
And the Earth bear his Soldiers March, I fear not.

*Cha.* Let us have Liberty, or full Revenge.

*Aur.* I ; Liberty, or Revenge. [A Trumpet sounds.

*Enter a Persian.*

*Per.* An Officer from the *Roman* Camp,  
Desires admittance to your Majesty.

*Cos.* Admit him.

*Enter Niger.*

Now speak thy Message freely.

*Nig.* My great Master,  
The Lord of *Rome*, (in that all power is spoken)  
Hoping that thou wilt prove a Noble Enemy,  
And, in thy bold Resistance, worth his Conquest ;  
Defies thee, *Cosroe*.

*Max.* There's Fire in this.

*Nig.* And to encourage thee to meet him bravely,  
And tug for Empire, dares thee to the Field,  
With this assurance ; if thy Sword can win him ;  
Or force his Legions with thy *Barbed* Horse,  
But to forsake their Ground : That not alone  
Wing'd Victory shall perch upon thy Tent ;  
But all the Provinces, and Kingdoms held  
By *Roman* Garisons in this *Eastern* World,  
Shall be delivered up, and he himself,  
Acknowledge thee his Sovereign. In return  
Of this large offer, he asks only this ;  
That till the doubtful Dye of War determine  
Who has most Power, and should command the other,  
Thou treat thy Noble Prisoners like their Births,  
And not their present Fortunes : and to bring 'em  
Guarded into thy Tent ; with thy best force,  
Thy ablest men of War, and thou thy self  
Sworn to make good the Places. And if he fail  
(Spight of all opposition thou canst make)

In his own Person to cut out his way,  
And bring 'em safely off, the Day is thine;  
And he, like these, thy Prisoner.

*Cos.* Tho' I receive this  
But as a *Roman* boast; yet I embrace it,  
And love the sender: Tell him I will bring  
My Prisoners to the Field, and without odds  
Against his single Force, alone defend 'em;  
Or else, with equal Numbers: Tell him this.  
I'll give the Signal instantly. Courage brave Princes,  
And let Posterity Record, that we  
This memorable Day restor'd to *Persia*,  
That Empire of the World, Great *Phillip's* Son  
Ravisht from us, and *Greece* gave up to *Rome*.  
And this our comfort be, we cannot fall  
Ingloriously, since we contend for all. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Geta, and two of the Guard.*

*Get.* A curse upon your Trade! if 'ere I catch  
These Rogues in *Rome*, I'll swear the Peace against 'em.  
Run for a Surgeon quickly, or I faint.

1 *Gua.* Bear up man; 'tis but a scratch.

*Get.* A Cut cross the Coxcomb,  
Is but a scratch with you — Pox o' your occupation;  
Your scurvy, scuffling Trade, I was told before  
My Face was bad enough; but now I look  
Like Bloody-bones, and Raw-head, to fright Children;  
I am for no use else.

2 *Gua.* Thou shalt fright men.

1 *Gua.* Behold how terrible you look, see your Face  
In the Pummel of my Sword.

*Get.* I dye! I am gone! oh my sweet Phisnomy!

*Enter Three or Four Persians.*

2 *Gua.* They come: now fight, or die indeed.

*Get.* I will scape this way.  
I cannot hold my Sword; what would you have  
A maim'd man do?

1 *Gua.* Nay, then I have a Goad to prick you forward, Ox.

2 *Gua.* Fight like a Man, or die like a Dog.

*Get.* Shall



Get. Shall I, like *Cæsar*, fall  
Among my Friends? No Mercy? *Et tu Brute?*  
You shall not have the Honour of my Death;  
I'll first fall by the Enemy. [*He beats off the Persians.*  
I *Gua*. Oh brave! brave *Geta*! he plays the Devil now.

Enter Niger. Alarm.

*Nig*. Make up for Honour:  
The *Persians* shrink, the Passage is laid open;  
Great *Dioclesian*, like a second *Mars*,  
Performs more than a Man; his Shield stuck full  
Of *Persian* Darts, which now are his Defence  
Against his Enemies Swords, still leads the Way. [*Alarm's con-*  
Of all the *Persian* Forces, one strong Squadron *tinued.*  
In which their King in his own Person fights,  
Stands firm, and yet unrouted; break thro' that,  
The Day, and all is ours.

*All*. Victory, Victory. [*Exeunt shouting. Then a Retreat.*

Scene Part of a Wood: Beyond it large Tents; in the middle a Royal Pavilion; through it is seen the Prospect of a Camp at a great distance.

While the Song is singing, Enter in a Triumphant manner, Singers and Dancers, Roman Officers, *Dioclesian* Crown'd with Laurel, *Charinus*, *Aurelia*, *Maximinian*, *Niger*, *Geta*, Guard. Then *Cosroe*, *Cassana*, *Persian* Princes, Prisoners, guarded by Roman Soldiers. *Delphia* and *Drusilla* at a distance.

S O N G.

Sound, Fame thy Brazen Trumpet sound;  
Stand in the Centre of the Universe,  
And call the listning World around,  
While we in Tuneful Sounds rehearse,

*In Artful Numbers, and well chosen Verse,  
Great Dioclesian's Story.*

*Let all rehearse,  
In lofty Verse,  
Great Dioclesian's Glory.*

*Sound his Renown,  
Advance his Crown  
Above all Monarchs that e're blest the Earth.*

*Oh sacred Fame,  
Embalm his Name,  
With Honour here, and Glory after Death.*

*All sing his Story,  
Raise, raise his Glory  
Above all Monarchs that e're blest the Earth.*

*Oh sacred Fame,  
Embalm his Name,  
With Honour here, and Glory after Death.*

*Dio.* I am rewarded in the Victory ;  
Your Freedom is ten thousand Triumphs to me.  
You (Sir) share in my Glories, and *Aurelia*,  
Unkind *Aurelia*, still commands the Victor.  
Nephew, remember by whose Gift you are free,  
For I can only pity you. Nor be thou forgot,  
My first poor Bond-man, *Geta* ; I am glad  
Thou art turn'd a Fighter.

*Get.* 'Twas against my will ; but now I am content with

*Cha.* Oh *Romans* ! Countrymen !

You never can bestow Honour enough  
Upon your Emperor : Think on new Titles,  
Transcending all Example.

*Nig.* We will have  
His Statue of pure Gold set in the Capitol ;  
And he that bows not to it as a God,  
Forfeits his Head.

*Max.* I shall burst with Envy ;



And yet these Honours, which conferr'd on me,  
Would raise me to the Clouds, never move him.

*Dio.* Suppose this done, yet still I am a Man;  
And all these Glories you would heap upon me,  
Cannot defend me from a shaking Fever,  
Or bribe the all-destroying Dart of Death,  
To spare me one short Moment.

Shall I praise Fortune? or build my Happiness  
On her uncertain Favour, that yet was never  
Constant to any Man? Should my Reason fail,  
(As Flattery oft corrupts it) here's an Example,  
To shew how far her Smiles are to be trusted.

The Rising Sun, this Morning, saw this man:  
The *Persian* Monarch, and those Subjects proud  
Who had the Honour to salute his Garment:

And yet, ere his Diurnal Progress ends,  
He is the Scorn of Fortune: But you'll say,  
That he forsook him for his Cowardise,  
But never leaves the Bold. Now by my Hopes

Of Peace and Quiet here, I never met  
A braver Enemy. To shew how much I honour him,  
Great Sir, you are free, your Sister, all are free;  
Enjoy your Empire, Ransomless return.

*Cos.* To see this Vertue,  
Is more to me than Empire; and to be  
O'recome by you, a glorious Victory.

*Max.* Now, in the Devil's Name, what means he next?

*Dio.* I know that Glory  
Is like *Alcides* Shirt, if 'tis kept on  
Till Pride has mixt it with our Blood; nor can we  
Part with it at our pleasure. Pull it off,  
It brings along with it both Flesh and Sinews,  
And leaves us living Monsters.

*Max.* Would it were  
My turn to put it on, I'd hazard that.

*Dio.* No, I'll not be forc'd  
Out of this glorious Castle; uncompell'd  
I will surrender it. Let it suffice,  
I have toucht the Height of Humane Happiness,  
And fix here my *Non ultra*. Hitherto

I have liv'd a Servant to ambitious Thoughts,  
And fading Glories ; my Remains of Life  
I dedicate to Vertue ; and to keep  
My Faith untainted, farewell Pride and Pomp,  
All Circumstance of glorious Majesty,  
Farewel for ever.

*Max.* What follows now ?

*Dio.* Nephew, I have noted,  
That you have long, with envious Eyes, lookt on  
My flourishing Fortune ; you shall have possession  
Of my Felicity ; I deliver up  
My Empire, and this Gem, which once I priz'd  
Above it. Here *Maximinian*, take her, and take all :  
I know she's not averse to it.

*Aur.* I gave my self by a solemn Vow to you, Sir ;  
Dispose of me as you please.

*Dio.* Then you are his.  
Noble *Charinus*, have we your Consent ?

*Cha.* I am so amaz'd, I know not what to say.  
Great Sir, dispose of me, of all.

*Dio.* You are too gracious ; your Approbation  
Is all I beg ; the Soldiers Love I doubt not.  
His Valour, Gentlemen, will deserve your Favours,  
Which let my prayers further. Now all is yours :  
But I have been too liberal, and given that  
I must entreat for now.

*Max.* How ! Was I flatter'd with imagin'd Greatness ?  
Am I become your Sport ?

*Dio.* Mistake me not ; 'tis only the poor Grange,  
The Patrimony which my Father left me,  
'Tis only that I sue for.

*Max.* 'Tis yours, Sir, all the pleasant Valley round it ;  
All shall be yours, and we'll attend you thither.

*Dio.* No, *Maximinian*, no ;  
I have taken leave of Pomp and Ceremony.  
In *Rome* seek Honour and Renown ; I'll study  
To find Content elsewhere. Dissuade me not ;  
My Resolution's fixt : And now *Drusilla*,  
Being as poor as when I vow'd to make thee  
My Wife, if since thy Love has felt no change,



I am ready to perform it.

*Drn.* I still lov'd

Your Person, not your Fortunes : In a Cottage,  
Being yours, I am an Empress.

*Del.* And I'll make the Change most happy.

*Dio.* Let me entreat

*Charinus, Maximinian, and Aurelia,*  
To see my Vow perform'd. You but attend  
My Glories to their Urn. Now *Maximinian*,  
O're-run the World ; Let me my self subdue :  
Give me Content, and take all Honour, You.

[*Exeunt.*

*End of the Fourth Act.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Scene a Pallace.*

*Enter Maximinian and Aurelia.*

*Aur.* **W**Hy droops my Lord, my Love, my Life, my *Cæsar* ?  
Does not (with open Arms) your Fortune court  
*Rome* owns you for her Master ; I my self (you?)  
Obey you as my Husband, love and serve you.  
If you condemn not these, and think 'em Curses,  
I have no other Hope nor no Ambition,  
No Wish beyond this Happiness.

*Max.* Oh my *Aurelia* !

Thou Parent, and thou Nurse of all my Glories,  
And Comfort of my Life ; I had better liv'd  
Poor and obscure, and never reach'd the Top  
Of this great Empire, than be in daily danger  
To be thrown headlong down, almost as soon  
As I have reach'd it.

*Aur.* These are Pannick Terrors  
You fashion to your self. Is not my Brother  
(Your Equal and Copartner in the Empire)  
Vow'd and confirm'd your Friend ? the Soldier constant ?  
Has not you Uncle *Dioclesian* taken

His Farewel of the World? What then disturbs you?

*Max.* The Fear I am not fixt, and the Assurance  
That what I am possesst of's not my own,  
But still depends upon another's Favour,  
For nothing's more uncertain (my *Aurelia*)  
Than Power that stands not on its proper *Basis*.  
Oh, the Foundation's Weak! But I'll be plainer,  
I'll hide no Thought from you. Is not the Empire  
My Uncle's Gift? and may he not resume it  
Upon the least Distaste? Does not *Charinus*  
Cross me in my Designs? And what is Majesty,  
When 'tis divided? Does not the insolent Soldier  
Call what I have, his Donative? And what can take  
More from our Honour? No, (my wise *Aurelia*)  
If I to you am more than all the World,  
As sure you are to me; if we desire  
To be secure, we must be Absolute,  
And know no Equal.  
When we are obey'd for Fear, and not Entreaty,  
Then we are safe.

*Aur.* Your Mother brought you  
Into the World an Emperor: You persuade  
But what I would have counsel'd. Nearness of Blood,  
Respect, Piety, and Gratitude,  
And all the Hely Dreams of Vertuous Fools,  
Must vanish into Nothing, when Ambition  
(The Maker of great Minds, and Nurse of Honour)  
Puts in for Empire: Then you must forget  
Your simple Uncle, think he was the Master  
(In being once an Emperor) of a Jewel  
Whose Worth and Use he knew not. For *Charinus*,  
(No more my Brother) if he be a Stop  
To your Designs, he is to me a Stranger,  
And so to be remov'd.

*Max.* Thou more than Woman,  
Thou Masculine Greatness,  
Oh how I glory in thee! Those Great Women  
Antiquity is proud of, when thou art nam'd,  
Shall be no more remembred. Be but constant,  
And thou shalt shine among those lesser Lights



To all Posterity like another *Phœbe*,  
And be ador'd as she is.

*Enter Charinus, Niger, and Guards.*

*Aur.* Here's *Charinus*, with Anger on his brow.

*Max.* Let him storm,  
And you shall hear me thunder.

*Cha.* He dispose of  
My Provinces at his pleasure, and confer  
Those Honours (which are only mine to give)  
Upon his Creatures!

*Nig.* Mighty Sir, ascribe it  
To his assurance of your Love and Favour,  
And not to Pride or Malice.

*Cha.* No, good *Niger*,  
Courtesie shall not fool me; he shall know  
I lent a Hand to raise him, and will defend him  
While he continues Good: But the same Strength,  
If Pride makes him usurp upon my Right,  
Shall strike him to the Center. You are well met, Sir.

*Max.* That's as you please to make it. Sir, I hear  
That you repine, and think your self much wrong'd,  
Because, without your Leave, I have bestow'd  
The *Gallian* Pro-Consulship upon  
A Follower of mine.

*Cha.* 'Tis true; and wonder you durst attempt it.

*Max.* Durst, *Charinus*!

*Cha.* Durst, *Maximinian*;  
Again I speak it. Think you me so tame,  
So heavy, and unactive, to sit down  
With such Dishonour? But recal your Grant,  
And speedily; or by the *Roman* Gods,  
It quickly shall be try'd who has most Power  
In *Rome*, and in the Empire.

*Max.* Thou hast none,  
But by Permission. Alas! poor *Charinus*,  
Thou Shadow of an Emperor, I scorn thee,  
Thee, and thy Childish Threats. The Gods appoint him  
The absolute Disposer of the Earth  
Who has the sharpest Sword: I am sure, *Charinus*,

Thou wear'st too dull a one. When cruel *Aper*  
 Had kill'd *Numerianus*, thy Brother,  
 (An Act that would have made a trembling Coward  
 As daring as *Alcides*) thy poor Fear  
 Made thee wink at it: Then rose up my Uncle,  
 (The Honour of the Empire, and of *Rome*)  
 Against the Traytor, and, amidst his Guards,  
 Punish'd the Treason. This bold daring Act  
 Got him the Soldiers Suffrages to be *Cæsar*;  
 And howsoever his too gentle Nature  
 Allow'd thee the Name only, as his Gift,  
 I challenge the Succession.

*Cha.* Thou art cozen'd.

When the Receiver of a Courtesie  
 Cannot sustain the Weight it carries with it,  
 'Tis but a Trial, not a confirm'd Act.  
 Thou hast in those few Days of thy short Reign  
 Sham'd Noble *Dioclesian*, and his Gift:  
 Nor doubt I, when he's once rightly inform'd  
 How much the Glorious *Roman* Empire groans  
 Under thy Tyranny, but he will forsake  
 His private Life, and once again resume  
 His former Majesty. Then doubt not, Soldiers,  
 But that this Mushrcom, sprung up in a Night,  
 Shall as soon wither. And for you, *Aurelia*,  
 If you esteem my Honour, or your own,  
 Fly from a certain Ruin. So farewell.  
 E're long you shall hear more. [*Ex. Charinus, Niger, Guards.*]

*Aur.* Are you struck dumb,  
 That you make no Reply?

*Max.* My Life, I'll do,  
 And after talk. I will prevent their Plots,  
 And turn 'em on their own accursed Heads.  
 My Uncle! Shall I live in fear of him?  
 Shall Justice, Piety, or Gratitude,  
 Stop my Ambition in its full Careere?  
 No, he who would a mighty Empire sway,  
 Must level all that stops him in his Way.

[*Exeunt.*]



Scene *A long Walk in the middle of a great Wood ; at the farther end is a Prospect of Dioclesian's Grange in a delightful Valley.*

*Enter Two or Three Countrymen.*

1 *Con.* Dost think this great Man will continue with us ?

2 *Con.* Continue ? yes, what else ; he has bought the great And all the Grounds about it, all the Woods too ; (Farm, And stockt it like an Emperor.

1. *Con.* But hark ye,  
We must not call him Emperor.

2 *Con.* That's all one,  
He is the King of good Fellows, that's no Treason ;  
And so I'll call him, tho' I be hang'd for't.

1 *Con.* Now all our Sports again, and all our Gambols ;  
Our Songs, and Evening Dances on the Green.

2 *Con.* Ay, ay ; he shall have Songs, if that will please him,  
We'll bawl most fearfully.

1 *Con.* We must all be Fine, and Neat.  
On goes my Russet Jerkin with blue Buttons.

2 *Con.* And my green Breeches I was married in.  
We'll be all Handsom too, and wash our Faces.  
Neighbour, I see a remnant of *March* Dust  
That's hatch'd into your Chaps : Go to the Barbers,  
And mundefie your Muzzel.

*Enter Geta.*

1. *Con.* It shall be done : But who comes here ?

2 *Con.* No doubt 'tis some great Man.

1 *Con.* Let us be civil then, and shew our Breeding.  
Heaven blefs your Worship.

2 *Con.* Your Greatness, or your Mightiness, what you please,  
*Get.* Thanks my good People. (Sir.

Stand off, and know your Duties. As I take it,  
You are the labouring People of the Village,  
That Plow, and Sow ; keep Sheep — Stand farther off yet,  
And mingle not with my Authority,  
I am too mighty for your company.

1 *Con.*

1 *Con.* We know it, Sir, and we desire your Worship——

2 *Con.* Your Honour, Fool——

1 *Con.* Your Honour, Fool, to take a little notice of us,  
And recommend us, Sir, to our new Landlord.  
And if our Country Sports can please him, Sir.

*Get.* For your Sports (my Friends) they may be seen.  
Yes, out of the abundance of my Wisdom  
And Favour, when they're ready, I'll behold 'em.  
You stare upon me, Friends, as if you knew me.  
'Tis true, I have been a Rascal as you are :

A Fellow of no mention, nor no mark,  
Just such another piece of Dirt, so fashion'd.  
But Time, that purifies all things of merit,  
Has set another Stamp on me: Come nearer,  
And be not fearful ; I take off my Austerity.  
Now know me for the great and mighty Steward  
Under this Man of Honour

*All.* We all acknowledge you.

*Get.* He was a kind of Rascal once like me,  
Or little better, but that must be forgot too.  
Take notice now, y'are all of ye my Vassals.  
I can, as I think fit, dispose of you ;  
Can blow you, and your Cattel out o'th' Country.  
But fear me, and have favour. Come along with me,  
And I will hear your Songs, and perhaps like 'em.

1 *Con.* I hope you will, Sir.

*Get.* 'Tis not a thing impossible.  
Perhaps I'll sing my self, the more to grace you.  
And if I like your Women.

2 *Con.* We'll have the best, Sir, young handsom Girls.

*Get.* The handsomer, the better.  
You may bring your Wives too, 'twill be all one charge to ye :  
For I must know your Families.

*All.* You shall, Sir.

*Enter Delphia.*

*Del.* 'Tis well my honest Friends, I know y'are hatching  
Some pleasurable Sports for your great Landlord.  
Fill him with Joy, and Pleasure ; win him to ye,  
And make his little Grange seem a large Empire,



Full of all sweet content. Thus win his favour,  
Which daily shall be shew'd upon you all.

*Get.* Will you lend us a Devil to play *Gratis*?  
Fidlers are very chargeable.

*Del.* I, I, any thing; and Bag-pipes that shall play alone.

*Get.* I thank you.

Come follow me; and get all ready instantly. [Exeunt.

*Del.* Do, and when you are prepared, come hither Friends,  
You'll find him in this Grove.

*Enter Diocles, and Drusilla.*

*Dio.* Come, my *Drusilla*,  
The Partner, maker of my Happiness.  
I hope now you believe me?

*Drus.* Yes, and dare assure you,  
I am most happy, if you think your self so.

*Dio.* I am, my sweet.  
I swear to thee, I find now by experience,  
Content dwells not in Courts.

*Drus.* Walk on, Sir,  
The Grove is cool, the gentle Breeze refreshing.

*Dio.* Oh my *Drusilla*,  
When Man has cast off his ambitious Greatness;  
Retir'd into the sweetness of himself;  
Built his Foundation upon honest Thoughts,  
Not great, but good Desires, his daily Servants,  
How quietly he sleeps! how joyfully  
He wakes again, and looks on his Possessions,  
And from his willing Labours feeds with Pleasure!  
Here hang no Comets in the shapes of Crowns,  
To threaten our contents. Nor here, *Drusilla*,  
Cares, like *Eclipses*, darken our endeavours.

*Drus.* I am glad you make the right use of this sweetness.  
This homely, but this-innocent retiredness.

*Dio.* 'Tis sweet indeed,  
And every circumstance about it, shews it.  
How liberal is the Spring in every place?  
The Artificial Court seems but a Shadow,  
A painted imitation of this glory.  
How sweet the Flow'rs smell! here's Nature in perfection.

Let

Let all the Perfumes in the Empire pass this,  
 The charmingst Ladies Cheek, shew such a Colour;  
 Here, in sweet poverty, dwells noble Nature.  
 And every thing we add, Adulterates her.  
 What Musick's this? [Pipes within.]

*Del.* You shall want no Delights to entertain you;  
 Your Country Neighbours (Sir) are come to welcome you,  
 To shew their honest Sports; pray grace 'em, Sir.  
 A King shall never feel your Joy. Sit down Son.

• *Enter Countrymen, and Women; they Dance: Before 'tis half  
 finish'd Delphia interrupts 'em.*

*Del.* Hold, hold, leave off a while.

*Dio.* What ail you Mother? you look pale, and tremble.

*Del.* No, I am only careful of your safety.  
 Be not disturb'd my Son, sit down again.  
 And now, finish your Dance.

*Enter Maximinian, Aurelia, and Soldiers. They stand at a  
 distance till the Dance is finish'd.*

*Del.* Do you see that mighty Man?  
 Be not amaz'd, but let him do his worst.

*Max.* How confident he sits amongst his Pleasures!  
 And what a chearful Colour's in his Face!  
 And yet he sees me too, the Soldiers with me.

*Aur.* What you have resolv'd to do, do speedily,  
 And then you are an Emperor.

*Max.* I will.

*Dio.* My Royal Cousin, how I Joy to see you;  
 You, and your lovely Empress!

*Max.* I am not come to surfeit,  
 With these poor, Clownish Pleasures; but to tell you,  
 I look upon you like my Winding-sheet,  
 The Urn to all my greatness;  
 For whilst you are alive——

*Dio.* Alive my Cousin?

*Max.* I say alive, I am no Emperor;  
 I am nothing but my own disquiet.

*Dio.* How, Sir?

*Max.* 'Tis true, Sir, the Soldiers doat on you.

I would



I would fain spare you ; but my own security  
Compels me to forget you are my Uncle,  
Compels me to forget you made me *Cæsar*.  
For whilst you are remembred, I am despis'd.

*Del.* Fear nothing.

*Dio.* Did I not chuse this Poverty, to raise you?  
I gave that Royal Lady to your Arms,  
Blest you with her bright Beauty ! Gave the Soldier,  
The Soldier that hung to me, fixt him to you.  
Gave you the Worlds command.

*Max.* This shall not help you.

*Dio.* Hear once for all, and then consider wisely,  
Place round about my Grange a Garrison,  
And if I offer to exceed my Limits,  
Or ever in my common Talk name Emperor,  
Or look for Adoration, nay for Courtesie,  
Above the Days Salute.

*Max.* This will not serve. Soldiers, dispatch him instantly,  
And all the Treasure that I have— [*Thunder and Lightning.*

1 *Sol.* The Earth shakes !  
We totter up and down, we cannot stand, Sir.  
Methinks, the Mountains tremble too !

2. *Sol.* How thick the Flashes come ! we shall be burn'd all.

*Del.* Fall on Soldiers.

You that sell innocent Blood. Fall on, and bravely.

*Sol.* We cannot stir.

*Del.* You, Sir, you have your Liberty,  
So has this Lady too. Why don't you do it ?

[*A Hand with a Flaming Bolt in it  
appears over their Heads.*

Are you amaz'd ? Look 'ore thy Head *Maximinian*,  
Read there the Will of Heaven. Nay cruel Lady,  
You have your share in it too. What say you now ?  
Does all your Glory quake ?

*Aur.* Oh it shakes still !

*Max.* And dreadfully it threatens.  
We acknowledge, Sir, our base and foul intentions ;  
And faults confess'd, they say, are half forgiven.  
By your old Love, the Blood that runs between us.—

*Aur.* By that Love you once bare me ; by that, Sir,

This blessed Lady now enjoys ! Oh, Madam,  
Speak for us, or we are lost for ever.

*Druf.* Oh fear him not, he is all goodness Lady ;  
He has no Pride, no Malice, no Revenge.  
He's pitiful as a forgiving God. *[The Hand is taken in.]*

*Dio.* Rise Madam ; rise my Cousin, I forgive you.  
Great as you are, injoy your Greatness still,  
While I place all my Empire in content.  
Once more I give you all, learn to deserve it,  
And henceforth study Justice, more than Greatness.  
My poor House is not fit to entertain you.  
But such a hearty Welcome as a poor Man  
And his true Love can make you, and your Empress,  
You freely shall command.

*Aur.* Oh, Sir, it is enough ;  
We shall enjoy all Riches in your Goodness.

*Sol.* Long live the good and gracious *Dioclesian*.

*Dio.* I thank you Soldiers, and forgive your rashness.  
And Royal Sir, long may they honour you.  
Now Mother, can you treat an Emperor ?

*Del.* Yes, Sir, and like himself.  
He shall be entertain'd as Nobly,  
As if he were in *Rome* ; my Art shall fail me else.  
Sit down, and trust to me. *[They sit all.]*

## THE MASQUE.

A Prelude. Enter *Cupid* and Sings.

*Cup.* **C** *All the Nymphs and the Fawns from the Woods.*

*They call within.*

*With. The Nymphs, &c.*

*Cup.* *Call the Naides, and Gods of the Floods.*

*With. The Naides, &c.*

*Cup.* *Call Flora, and Comus.*

*With. Flora, &c.*

*Cup.*



Cup. Silenus, and Momus,

With. Silenus, &c.

Cup. Call Bacchus, and his merry merry Fellows.

With. Bacchus, &c.

Cup. Silvanus, and Ceres, and Tellus.

With. Silvanus, &c.

Cup. All leave for a while their Abodes.

With. All leave, &c.

Cup. Let the Graces, and Pleasures repair,  
With the Youthful, the Gay, the Witty, and Fair.

May all harmless Delights,  
Happy Days, and kind Nights,  
For ever attend this blest Pair.

Enter a *Bachanalian*, and a *Silvan*, and sing the  
following Song in Two Parts.

Come, come away,  
No delay,  
Come away.  
All know 'tis his will,  
Then all shew their skill,  
To grace Loves Triumphant Day.

While a Symphony is Playing, a Machine descends, so large, it fills all the Space, from the Frontispiece of the Stage, to the farther end of the House; and fixes it self by two Ladders of Clouds to the Floor. In it are Four several Stages, representing the Pallaces of two Gods, and two Goddesses: The first is the Pallace of *Flora*; the Columns of red and white Marble, breaking through the Clouds; the Columns Fluted and Wreath'd about with all sorts of Flow'rage; the Pede-

itals and Flutings inrich'd with Gold. The Second is, The Pallace of the Goddeſs *Pomona*, the Columns of blue Marble, wound about with all kind of Fruitage, and inrich'd with Gold as the other. The Third is, The Pallace of *Bacchus*, the Columns of green Marble, Wreath'd and Inrich'd with Gold, with Clusters of Grapes hanging round 'em. The laſt is the Pallace of the Sun; it is ſupported on either Side by Rows of *Terms*, the lower part white Marble, the upper part Gold. The whole Object is terminated with a glowing Cloud, on which is a Chair of State, all of Gold, the Sun breaking through the Cloud, and making a Glory about it : As this deſcends, there riſes from under the Stage a pleaſant Proſpect of a Noble Garden, conſiſting of Fountains, and Orange Trees ſet in large Vaſes : the middle Walk leads to a Pallace at a great diſtance. At the ſame time Enters *Silvanus*, *Bacchus*, *Flora*, *Pomona*, Gods of the Rivers, *Fawns*, *Nymphs*, *Hero's*, *Heroines*, *Shepherds*, *Shepherdesses*, the *Graces*, and *Pleasures*, with the reſt of their followers. The Dancers place themſelves on every Stage in the Machine : the Singers range themſelves about the Stage.

### CHORUS of all.

*Behold, oh mightieſt of Gods, behold,  
At thy command we come !*

*The Gay, the Sad,  
The Grave, the Glad,*

*The Youthful, and the Old,  
All meet as at the Day of Doom.*

*Behold, oh mightieſt of Gods, behold,  
At thy command we come !*



The First Entry of Hero's on the Stage.

After the Entry, two Wood-Gods sing in Parts.

**A** *H the sweet Delights of Love!  
Who would live and not enjoy 'em:  
I'd refuse the Throne of Jove,  
Should Pow'r or Majesty destroy 'em.  
Give me Doubts, and give me Fears,  
Give me Sighs, and give me Tears;  
But let Love, let Love remove 'em.  
I approve 'em,  
I approve 'em;  
But let Love, let Love remove 'em.*

Then one of the Fauns Sings.

**L** *Et Monarchs fight for Pow'r and Fame,  
With Noise and Arms Mankind alarm;  
Let daily Fears their Quiet fright,  
And Cares disturb their Rest at Night.  
Greatness shall ne'er my Soul inthral;  
Give me content, and I have all.*

*Hear, Mighty Love! to thee I call;  
Give me Astræa, she's my All:  
That soft, that sweet, that charming Fair,  
Fate cannot hurt while I have her.  
She's Wealth, and Pow'r, and only she,  
Astræa's all the World to me.*

**C H O R U S.**

*Hear, Mighty, &c.*

Th

The Second Entry on the First Stage in the Machin,  
by two Men and two Women.

Then Two of Bacchus's Followers Sing.

**M**ake room, make room,  
For the great God of Wine,  
The Bacchanals come  
With Liquor Divine.  
Make room, &c.

Then this is sung by one of Cupid's  
Followers.

**S**till I'm wishing, still desiring;  
Still she's giving, I requiring;  
Yet each Gift I think too small.  
Still the more I am presented,  
Still the less I am contented,  
Tho' she vows she has given me all.

Can Drusilla give no more?  
Has she lavish'd all her Store?  
Must my Hopes to nothing fall?  
Ah! you know not half your Treasure;  
Give me more, give over-measure,  
Yet you can never give me all.



The Third Entry on the Second Stage in the Machin,  
by Four Women. Then,

After it this Dialogue, between a Shepherd and a  
Shepherdess.

Shepherd.

**T**ell me why (*my Charming Fair*)  
Tell me why you thus deny me?  
Can Despair,  
Or these Sighs or Looks of Care,  
Make Corinna ever fly me?  
Tell me, tell me, cruel Fair,  
Tell me why you thus deny me?

Shepherdess.

Oh Mirtillo! you're above me,  
I respect, but dare not love ye.  
The Nymph who hears, inclines to Sin;  
Who Parlies, half gives up the Town;  
And ravenous Love soon enters in,  
When once the Out-work's beaten down,  
Then my Sighs and Tears won't move ye.  
No, Mirtillo, you're above me;  
I respect, but dare not love ye.

Shepherd.

Shepherd.

Could this lovely charming Maid  
Think Mirtillo would deceive her ?

Could Corinna be afraid  
She by him should be betray'd ?

No, too well, too well I love her,  
Therefore cannot be above her.

Then let Love with Love be paid.

Ah ! my Life, my All I give her,  
Let me now, oh now receive her.

Shepherdes.

Ah ! how gladly we believe,  
When the Heart is too too willing :

Can that Look, that Face deceive ?

Can he take delight in killing ?

Ah ! I die, if you deceive me !

Yet I will, I will believe ye.

CHORUS in Two Parts.

Ah how gladly, &c.

The Fourth Entry on the Third Stage, by two Youths.

Then this Song by one of the Pleasures.

**A**LL our Days and our Nights  
Shall be spent in Delights,  
Tis a Tribute that's due to the Young :

Let the Ugly and Old,

The Sickly and Cold,

Think the Pleasures of Love last too long.



*Be gone, be gone importunate Reason,  
Wisdom, and Council is now out of Season.*

*Let us Dance, let us Sing,  
While our Life's in its Spring,  
And give all to the Great God of Love.  
Let us Revel, and Play,  
And rejoyce, while we may,  
Since Old Time these Delights will remove.  
Be gone, be gone importunate Reason,  
Wisdom, and Council is now out of Season.*

C H O R U S.

*Be gone, be gone, &c.*

*The Sixth Entry on the farthest Stage by Two Children.*

*Then this C H O R U S of all.*

*Triumph, Triumph victorious Love,  
Triumph o're the Universe!*

*The greatest Hero's bow to thee;*

*All Nature owns thy Deity;*

*Thou hast tam'd the mighty Jove.*

*Then all rehearse,*

*In Noble Verse,*

*The Glory of all-mighty Love.*

*From Pole to Pole his Fame re-sound,*

*Sing it the Universe around!*

*Triumph, Triumph victorious Love,*

*Triumph o're the Universe.*

Those who are on the Stage, and those who are in the several divisions of the Machine, dance a Grand Dance to the time of the Chorus. At the end of it, Drums are heard at a distance.

*Dio.* What Drums are those?

*Del.* They are your Friends, my Son.

*Charinus*, with the old the honest Soldiers,  
They heard (Sir,) of your Danger, and they come  
To rescue you; but all is well. Go welcome 'em;  
This Night two Emperors you must entertain.

*Dio.* Oh Mother!

I have the will, but not the pow'r to do it.

*Del.* Leave that to me. Sound all your Instruments;  
With harmless Sports, and innocent Diversions  
We'll meet 'em on their March, and treat 'em Nobly.

*Dio.* And let 'em know;

Quiet, Content, and true Love, breeds more Stories.  
More perfect Joys, than Kings, and all their Glories.

*The Curtain falls.*



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# EPILOGUE.

**Y**OU see what Charge we're at, What hazards run,  
What mighty pains we take to be undone.  
Is't not enough, you study our undoing,  
But we must be contriving our own ruine;  
To stop the Breaches a Rebellion made,  
We wisely sent for Irish to our aid;  
Who, would not swear we have the same pretence  
To fetch good Breeding, Wit, and Learning thence,  
As hope our Stage, all others should exceed,  
And mingling with us, mend our English breed;  
When this is brought to pass, I am afraid  
That in a Play-house I shall dye a Maid;  
That Miracles don't cease, and I shall see  
Some Players Martyrs for their Honesty.  
J. H. ---- the greatest Bigot of the Nation,  
And see him burn for Transubstantiation.  
Or hope to see, from such a Mongrel breed,  
Wits that the Godlike Shakespear shall exceed:  
Or what has dropt from Fletcher's fluent Pen,  
Our this days Author, or the Learned Ben.

Now all our Writers, all their gifts impart  
In spight of Nature; and in scorn of Art.  
No wonder Irish Fogs, obscure our Light,  
When such as scarce can read, presume to write.

Oh poor Pernaſſus, thou art eaten bare,  
For every Rhimer has a Common there ;  
The Muſes now are errant Strumpets grown,  
Hackny'd by every Scribler in the Town.

Well Sirs, ſince others Faults I have made known,  
Let me propoſe a Project of my own,  
Depoſe our Men, our Male Adminiſtrators,  
And once try us, us Female Regulators ;  
I'll be content to live and dye a Nun,  
If ere we manage worſe than they have done :  
Nay more ; I will be bound to make it good,  
And that is very hard to Fleſh and Blood,  
If you our total ruine would prevent,  
Make ours, I ſay, a Female Government.

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FINIS.

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Paul & Wife

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